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the film magazine vol. 2 25c no. 4

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THIS MONTH, PART I: THE ACCUSERS

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- Jack Warner
- Louis B. Mayer
- Ayn Rand
- Robert Taylor, and
- Ginger Rogers' mother

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CREDITS

Our contributors this issue.

RONALD BLUMER, now a Contributing Editor is continuing his studies at Montreal's McGill University, well on his way toward a doctorate in film.

BOB COWAN is now back in New York, completing the film he shot this summer.

DAVID DORFMAN, with an MA in English and a motley background in and out of filmmaking, lives and works in New York.

BOB FOTHERGILL is a filmmaker (*Solipse*) Director of the Canadian Film-Makers' Distribution Centre, teaches English at York University in Toronto, and is the narrator in John Hofsess' ill-starred *Columbus of Sex*.

ARLENE GOULD has returned from Europe and is freelancing out of Toronto.

VASCO GRANJA is Take One's Lisbon correspondent.

JOHN HOFSESS, a Take One Contributing Editor, has had his trial on charges of obscenity (based on his latest film, *Columbus of Sex*) postponed.

DENNIS KAWICKI is a Michigan writer-film collector. His column also appears in Cinéaste magazine.

DON B. KLUGMAN is a professional script-writer and producer (*Nightsong, I've Got This Problem,* and *You're Putting Me On*) based in Chicago.

JOSEPH KOSTOLEFSKY is a freelance writer based in the San Francisco area.

GEORGE LELLIS, of Queens College, is a frequent Take One contributor. He is to appear shortly in "Film Quarterly" as well.

BOB NICHOLS is presently studying at the University of Uppsala in Sweden.

GERALD PRATLEY is a highly-respected Canadian writer, broadcaster and film critic.

ROBERT STEELE is a professor at Boston University's School of Public Communication.

HERMAN G. WEINBERG is in his ninth year of teaching film history at City University, New York. His latest book, "Saint Cinema" (a collection of essays and reviews) is due for Spring 1970 publication by DBS Publications, New York.

FEEDBACK

That was a good piece Ronald Blumer wrote about the Film Board (TAKE ONE, Vol. 2 No. 3). I think I can agree with all of it except perhaps for the adjective "gutless" as applied to N.F.B. people; I prefer to think of them as either distracted (production people) as are most artists, or idealistically naive as is the case in Distribution, where people still promote films like door-to-door church-workers handing out tracts. I would have liked to see a brief mention of the Media Division, but in general it was a fine article.

Daniel Driscoll
Film Officer
N.F.B., Toronto

O

I just read your Vol. 2, No. 3, and it really impressed me as a fine, informative film magazine. We are sending a subscription and back issue request under separate cover.

I especially enjoyed Stan Vanderbeek's article "Movies: Disposable Art—Synthetic Media & Artificial Intelligence". This article should be widely disseminated to educators—who do not realize the depth of the communications revolution that is taking place and the need for responsive instruction.

Harold A. Layer
Assistant Director
Audio-Visual Center
San Francisco State College
San Francisco

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* NEWS

Canada's first International Amateur Film Festival is to be held in Toronto, Ontario in May 1970, it was recently announced.

Entry forms should be submitted before March 31st, 1970; and films, in order to qualify, must be received by midnight on April 15th, 1970. Entry forms are available from the Festival Director, Canadian International Amateur Film Festival, 62 Olive Street, Grimsby, Ontario, Canada. Rules for entry of films are included with the entry form.

There are no specific classes, which means that all gauges and subjects compete together for the principal award, the Canada Trophy and a cash prize. Special awards may be presented for the best scenario film, the best experimental film and the best natural sciences film. The most original theme or treatment will be recognized, as will the best entry by a competitor under the age of sixteen and the best film made by a young filmmaker between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

O

The New York Times and Arno Press, a subsidiary, will republish all the film reviews which appeared in *The Times* from 1913 through 1968. More than 16,000 reviews will be reprinted in their entirety in five volumes, with a separate cumulative index for the collection. Publication will be in March, 1970.

The index, conceived as a major aid to film research and scholarship, will be cross-indexed according to (1) title of film, (2) name of actor, writer, director, etc., and (3) name of production company.

The New York Times Film Reviews (1913-1968) will cost $395 when published in March, 1970. However, a special pre-publication price of $345 applies to all orders received before March 1, 1970.

O

The U.S. Industrial Film Festival has announced that entries are now being accepted for the 3rd annual event and should reach festival headquarters prior to March 1, 1970. Awards will be presented on April 30, 1970 in Chicago's Palmer House Hotel.

Limiting entries to 16mm industrial motion pictures and 35mm filmstrips assures the business film producer that the focal point will be on his production, not overshadowed by features or television commercials. Fifteen categories of subject matter are available to entrants including a new one designed to recognize films promoting world peace, understanding and brotherhood.

Entry forms and a colorful brochure describing the festival may be obtained by writing to the festival's new offices in the Film Center Building, Suite 216, 161 East Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611 U.S.A. Overseas entrants may cable FILMFEST, Chicago.

O

Straight out of Woody Allen's latest film, *Take the Money and Run*:

A young man walked up to a teller at a Toronto bank late in October and handed her a note. "I'm sorry, what do you want? " asked Mrs. Elena Emanuelli, unable to decipher the scrawl. "Don't you know? " replied the man. "No," smiled Mrs. Emmanuelli, handing the note to another teller. The second teller couldn't read it either so the man ran out of the bank in despair. The note read, "Hand over $1000 or I'll throw acid in your face."

Grilled by a team of TAKE ONE reporters, Pat Harris, publicity chief of International Film Distributors (who handle *Take the Money* in Canada), denied any complicity in the hold-up attempt.

HASKELL WEXLER & THE cool MEDIUM ■

"The reason Medium Cool only asks questions is because if I had the answers I would have put them in the film. ..."

by r.b. jones

"The motion picture industry is in trouble and I can't say I'm sorry about that situation because it hurts me that ancient monsters like most major studios in Hollywood could continue to exist so long ignoring the fact that the world has changed."

Haskell Wexler cares. He is a concerned filmmaker, concerned about people and society. He is also involved. He was at Chicago in '68 and at the trial in '69.

At 47, Haskell Wexler has broken with tradition. He is a cameraman who is now a director of a new style of film. As he put it, "Films don't have to be made behind big thick walls with hundred-man crews. Films need only a few people with a good idea."

Medium Cool is that kind of film. It weaves a fictitious plot into the authentic background of the Chicago convention to probe what role and power the mass media have in shaping our environment. 'Time Magazine' said it: "Wexler explodes a film that is both social and cinematic dynamite."

"I am particularly interested in breaking some of the theatrical film conventions. We've accepted those conventions so long. We assume the two-shot, and assume things like the establishing shot. All these are part of the film language. I am trying to make films, theatrical films closer to what we think are real films. I am interested in making films that feel like that type of reality. But don't think I am deceived into thinking that a film like *Salesman* is real or my film *The Bus* or *Titicut Follies* are real. They all have controllable factors. They have a cameraman who decides what he is going to zoom in on. They have a sound man who momentarily decides where he is going to point the shotgun microphone, the editor who decides what scenes stay in and what scenes stay out. There are a multitude of manipulations which can make them no more or less real than any other type of motion picture; but they have the appearance of reality. Take war footage in a regular theatrical feature: It looks real when it looks like actual combat footage because our frame of reference of what war looks like, real war, is from the television or newsreels. The photographer is always in a hole and you can't see much, and if he runs, the camera wiggles a lot and things are obscured. When you see a war film where everything is carefully framed and there are crane or dolly shots, this reads as unreal. In point of fact if you were actually in a combat zone, how war looks and feels could be a third thing but our references for reality are newsreels and cinema verite.

Films and television are so important it's almost impossible to conceive. I was at the conspiracy trial in Chicago where the things we photographed in *Medium Cool* are still going on a year and a half later and what are they doing in the courtroom—they're showing films! I sat for two hours and watched films of the riots designed to prove one thing from one side and films designed to prove another thing from the other side. So everyone is trying to write history from their own preconceived prejudices and I'm talking about both sides. The tool being used to write history is film.

I always accepted when I read history texts in school that it was, in fact, history. Then I wondered who wrote that history. Someone a hundred years from now will look back and say this was the fact of Chicago—but what was the fact of Chicago? What was the fact in 1215 when the Magna Carta was signed? Was it the way I read it or was it the way those who decided to write it presented it?

The reason *Medium Cool* only asks questions is because if I had the answers I would have put them in the film. Answers make drama more satisfying and I think *Medium Cool* may very well annoy many people. I've read many critics who say it asks a lot of questions but doesn't know how to deal with them and that is a legitimate criticism. I personally don't know how to deal with them. The simple problem is that you can turn on a television and see a catastrophe or the body count and there is a glass between you and it and also there is an end to it. It's like R and R in Viet Nam. The guy knows that after a year he's out of it; you know that after Chet Huntley talks for forty eight seconds they're going to cut to a Jello commercial. Or you have the alternative of turning it off yourself. In other words you can have the emotional thrill of any one of hundreds of human dramas but these things are participated in from one step removed.

I am guilty. Because I made the film it does not absolve me of the guilt I am accusing us all of, the guilt of insensitivity, the guilt of not recognizing individual responsibility for social ills. It's the guilt of Nuremburg, the guilt of the Nazis who said they were just doing their job and after all if they didn't, someone else would have. Or what they say about bacteriological warfare—that maybe some of this experimentation might be used for some good. Yes, I as a filmmaker am guilty of the same insensitivity; but I know I'm guilty and am throwing that challenge back at the audience in the theatre and the words are, 'The whole world is watching, the whole world is watching.'" ■

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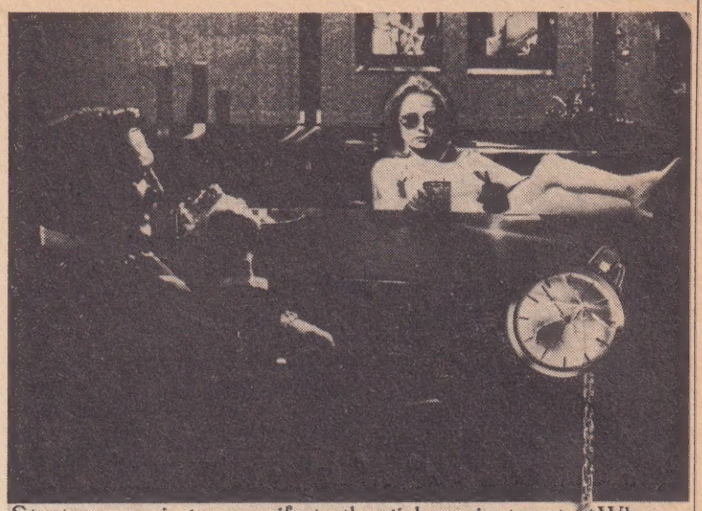

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elia kazan's

the arrange-ment

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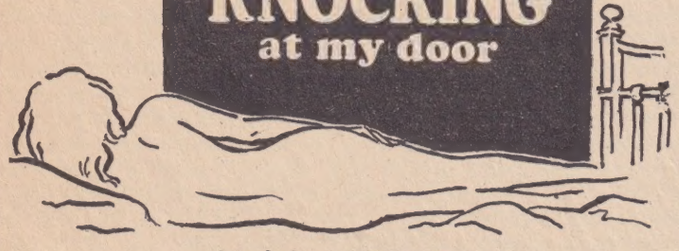

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ROBERT E. STRIPLING, Chief Investigator

The Committee's first hearings on the Communist infiltration of the film industry were held in Los Angeles. Though some of these hearings were secret, most of the committee's activities were well publicised, and the witnesses subpoenaed to appear at the Washington hearings knew what to expect. These hearings took place October 20-October 29, 1947 and over 40 witnesses testified. The press usually categorised the witnesses as "friendly" or "unfriendly" according to their attitudes towards the committee. During the first five days of the hearings all of the witnesses called were "friendly" (or at least not "unfriendly"). Amongst these witnesses were Gary Cooper, Adolph Menjou, Leo McCarey, Ronald Reagan and George Murphy as well as those whose testimony is excerpted below. During the hearings' last five days the witnesses included the men who were later to be known as The Hollywood Ten all of whom had been accused of being Communist by "friendly" witnesses.

The CHAIRMAN. I would like to call attention to some of the basic principles by which the Committee on Un-American Activities is being guided in its investigation into alleged subversive influence in America's motion-picture industry.

The committee is well aware of the magnitude of the subject which it is investigating. The motion-picture business represents an investment of billions of dollars. It represents employment for thousands of workers, ranging from unskilled laborers to high-salaried actors and executives. And even more important, the motion-picture industry represents what is probably the largest single vehicle of entertainment for the American public—over 85,000,000 persons attend the movies each week.

However, it is the very magnitude of the scope of the motion-picture industry which makes this investigation so necessary. We all recognize, certainly, the tremendous effect which moving pictures have on their mass audiences, far removed from the Hollywood sets. We all recognize that what the citizen sees and hears in his neighborhood movie house carries a powerful impact on his thoughts and behavior.

With such vast influence over the lives of American citizens as the motion-picture industry exerts, it is not unnatural—in fact, it is very logical—that subversive and undemocratic forces should attempt to use this medium for un-American purposes. . . . . .

The ultimate purpose of the Communists is a well-established fact. Despite sporadic statements made to the contrary for reasons of expediency, the Communist movement looks to the establishment of Soviet-dominated, totalitarian governments in all of the countries of the world, and the Communists are willing to use force and violence to achieve this aim if necessary. . . . . .

There is no question that there are Communists in Hollywood. We cannot minimize their importance there and that their influence has already made itself felt has been evidenced by internal turmoil in the industry over the Communist issue. Prominent figures in the motion-picture business have been engaged in a sort of running battle over Communist infiltration for the last 4 or 5 years and a number of anti-Communist organizations have been set up within the industry in an attempt to combat this menace.

The question before this committee, therefore, and the scope of its present inquiry, will be to determine the extent of Communist infiltration in the Hollywood motion-picture industry. We want to know what strategic positions in the industry have been captured by these elements, whose loyalty is pledged in word and deed to the interests of a foreign power.

The committee is determined that the hearings shall be fair and impartial. We have subpenaed witnesses representing both sides of the question. All we are after are the facts. . . . . .

● ● ● ●

TESTIMONY OF JACK L. WARNER

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, are you accompanied by counsel?

Mr WARNER. I am.

Mr. STRIPLING. Will you identify your counsel?

Mr. WARNER. Mr. Paul V. McNutt.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. McNutt, do you have any statement you would like to make as to whom you are representing at this hearing?

Mr. McNUTT. Mr. Stripling, I represent the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., and the Association of Motion Picture Producers, Inc., and their member companies. Mr. Warner's company is a member of both associations.

Mr. STRIPLING. You will be appearing, then, with various witnesses?

Mr. McNUTT. That is true.

Mr. STRIPLING. From time to time?

Mr. McNUTT. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you represent in any way the 19 witnesses who are represented by Mr. Kenny and Mr. Crum?

Mr. McNUTT. I do not.

Mr. STRIPLING. You do not.

Just have a seat, Mr. McNutt.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. McNutt, the Chair would like to inform you that it is the policy of this committee to permit counsel to advise his client, the witness here on the stand, of his constitutional rights, and only on the question of his constitutional rights.

I would like to say to counsel that we hope you will bear with us in that and that it will not be necessary at any time to remind you of that.

Mr. McNUTT. I understand, Mr. Chairman. Of course, I should like to make a request to be permitted to cross-examine witnesses.

The Chairman. You will not have that permission. It is not the policy of the committee to permit counsel to cross-examine witnesses. You will only have the right, the solemn right, to advise your client, the witness, on his constitutional rights. Nothing else. You are no different from any of the other attorneys who have appeared before this committee this year in the many hearings that we have had.

Go ahead Mr. Stripling.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, will you state your full name and present address?

Mr. WARNER. My name is Jack L. Warner, 1801 Angelo Drive, Beverley Hills, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born?

Mr. WARNER. London, Ontario, Canada, 1892.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, you are here before the Committee on Un-American Activities in response to a subpena served upon you on September 29, 1947; is that correct?

Mr. WARNER. Yes, sir.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation?

Mr. WARNER. In charge of production of Warner Bros. studios at Burbank, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you a vice president of Warner Bros.?

Mr. WARNER. I am.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been associated with the motion-picture industry?

Mr. WARNER. Approximately forty-odd years. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, as the chairman has stated, the purpose of this hearing is to determine the extent of Communist infiltration and influence in the motion-picture industry.

Since you have been in Hollywood, has there ever been a period during which you considered that the Communists had infiltrated into the studios?

Mr. WARNER. Before we proceed, if it is proper, I would like to read a statement that I have prepared into the record.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, it is not the policy of this committee to permit witnesses to read statements. However—

Mr. WOOD. I suggest, Mr. Chairman, that the witness be permitted to submit his statement. . . . . .

(STATEMENT OF JACK L. WARNER)

It is a privilege to appear again before this committee to help as much as I can in facilitating its work.

I am happy to speak openly and honestly in an inquiry which has for its purpose the reaffirmation of American ideals and democratic processes. As last May, when I appeared before a subcommittee of this group in Los Angeles, my testimony is based on personal opinions, impressions, and beliefs created by the things I have heard, read, and seen. It is given freely and voluntarily.

Our American way of life is under attack from without and from within our national borders. I believe it is the duty of each loyal American to resist those attacks and defeat them. . . . . .

Our company is keenly aware of its responsibilities to keep its product free from subversive poisons. With all the vision at my command, I scrutinize the planning and production of our motion pictures. It is my firm belief that there is not a Warner Bros. picture that can fairly be judged to be hostile to our country, or communistic in tone or purpose.

Many charges, including the fantasy of "White House pressure" have been leveled at our wartime production *Mission to Moscow*. In my previous appearance before members of this committee, I explained the origin and purposes of *Mission to Moscow*.

That picture was made when our country was fighting for its existence, with Russia as one of our allies. It was made to fulfill the same wartime purpose for which we made such other pictures as *Air Force, This Is the Army, Objective Burma, Destination Tokyo, Action in the North Atlantic*, and a great many more.

If making *Mission to Moscow* in 1942 was a subversive activity, then the American Liberty ships which carried food and guns to Russian allies, and the American naval vessels which convoyed them were likewise engaged in subversive activities. The picture was made only to help a desperate war effort and not for posterity.

The Warner Bros. interest in the preservation of the American way of life is no new thing with our company. Ever since we began making motion pictures we have fostered American ideals and done what we could to protect them.

Not content with merely warning against dangers to our free system, Warner Bros. has practiced a policy of positive Americanism. We have gone, and will continue to go, to all possible lengths to iterate and reiterate the realities and advantages of America. . . . . .

We believe positive methods offer the best defense against possible subversive activities. In my previous testimony before a subcommittee of this committee, I stated certain people whom we let go were subsequently hired by other studios.

By no stretch of the imagination can that be construed as questioning the loyalty of other employers. The producers who hired the men we discharged are good Americans. There is no positive guide to determine whether or not a person is a Communist; and the laws of our land, which are in the hands of you gentlemen, offer no clean-cut definition on that point.

We can't fight dictatorships by borrowing dictatorial methods. Nor can we defend freedom by curtailing liberties, but we can attack with a free press and a free screen.

Subversive germs breed in dark corners. Let's get light into those corners. That, I believe, is the purpose of this hearing and I am happy to have had the opportunity to testify.

Thank you. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, since you have been in Hollywood, has there ever been a period during which you considered that the Communists or the Fascists had infiltrated into the studios?

Mr. WARNER. As I said in Los Angeles on May 16, I believe—15, rather—I have never seen a Communist, and I wouldn't know one if I saw one.

With reference to Fascists. I have seen them. Not in America. I mean in Europe. Therefore, I don't know if Fascists have worked in the studios—or Communists, rather—or both. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. As I understand it, Mr. Warner, the testimony that you gave in Los Angeles was to the effect that you detected within your studio writers who were attempting to inject Communist propaganda into pictures. Your testimony was to the effect that they were not successful in that effort?

Mr. WARNER. That is correct.

Mr. STRIPLING. You gave us the names of a number of writers whom you dismissed for one reason or other because you felt they were attempting to inject communism or Communist propaganda into the pictures.

Mr. WARNER. I say un-American propaganda. If you want to use the word "Communist" naturally you have that prerogative.

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you give the committee the names of the writers who were employed in your studio whom you considered were attempting to place Communist propaganda in motion pictures?

Mr. WARNER. As I said, again referring to my statement, or testimony, endeavoring to put in Communist propaganda, as I said in my statement—

Mr STRIPLING. Mr. Warner, would you prefer that we proceed this way, I will read your testimony and you can confirm it or deny it, as you see fit?

Mr. WARNER. Yes, sir.

Mr. STRIPLING. The following question was asked you:

Mr. STRIPLING. Is that the principal medium, the writers, through which the Communists have sought to inject their Communist propaganda into films?

Mr. WARNER. Yes; I would say 95 percent.

Mr. STRIPLING. Ninety-five percent is through the writers?

Mr. WARNER. This is my own personal opinion.

Mr. STRIPLING. You say at the present time to your knowledge there are no Communist writers in your studio?

Mr. WARNER. That is correct, sir. I did not finish telling you how we released them or got rid of them.

Mr. STRIPLING. Go right ahead.

Mr. WARNER. I think it is worth finishing. Anyone whom I thought was a Communist, or read in the papers that he was, I dismissed at the expiration of his contract. If it was for an individual picture and we had no obligations, we could let him go. In one fellow's case I had to hold onto him because we were dropping them too rapidly, and it was too apparent. So we held onto him. I held him until the last 2 weeks, and I could not stand him any longer. He was contributing nothing by holding meetings in the offices.

Mr. STRIPLING. What was his name?

Mr. WARNER. Kahn; Gordon Kahn.

Mr. STRIPLING. Why did you say it was all too apparent?

Mr. WARNER. By letting them all go at once, in one day. When I say "all" there were only probably a half dozen at tops. There weren't so many.

Mr. STRIPLING. But they were definitely entrenched in your studio?

Mr. WARNER. Yes. . . . . .

Mr. THOMAS. But you got enough information to let them go?

Mr. WARNER. I could tell in their writings and method of presentation of screen

plays.

Mr. STRIPLING. You mean not calling them Communists?

Mr. WARNER. They were un-American.

Mr. STRIPLING. For one reason or another you objected to the lines they were attempting to put in your scripts?

Mr. WARNER. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. And you let these six people go. Can you name the six?

Mr. WARNER. Yes; I think I can. I wish you would bear with me.

Mr. THOMAS. That is all right.

Mr. WARNER. I have heard these people stand around and ridicule and rib the committee, your full committee: "They aren't looking for Fascists; they are only looking for Communists. They have the same routine; to belittle the other fellow and scheme about it."

Mr. THOMAS. If you have any names we would like to have them. . . . . .

Mr. WARNER. Alvah Bessie, *The Very Thought of You*. Gordon Kahn, *Her Kind of Man*. I might inject there for a moment, the majority of these writers, some of them wrote for as high as 6, 8, or 10 months, and never delivered anything. What they were doing was taking your money and supposedly writing your scripts and trying to get these doctrines into the films, working for the party, or whatever the term is. The strange thing is very few of these fellows deliver.

Mr. STRIPLING. Is that right?

Mr. WARNER. Not only in our studios, but in any of the studios. I can speak authoritatively on that. These are the credits that these people have. They are always in every one of them. Howard Koch, *In Our Time*. . . . . .

Ring Lardner, Jr. was on several pictures. He didn't put any message in *The Kokomo Kid*. Or Emmett Lavery, he has no credits. We throw his stuff in all the way and pile it up.

John Howard Lawson, *Action in the North Atlantic*.

Albert Maltz in *Pride of the Marines*.

Mr. THOMAS. Did he get much into *Pride of the Marines?*

Mr. WARNER. No; in my opinion he didn't get in anything because everything they endeavor to write in, if they photographed it, I cut it out. I ran those films myself. There is one little thing where the fellow on the train said, "My name isn't Jones, so I can't get a job." It was this kid named Diamond, a Jewish boy, in the marines, a hero at Guadalcanal. In fact, I had a couple of boys run the picture 3 or 4 days ago and I read it. Dr. John Leach said something about it, but there is nothing to it. If there is, I don't know where it is.

I have had experiences from 1916 or 1917. I made *My Four Years in Germany* and I produced that in New York right during the First World War. I can look at a mirror and see three faces. You can see anything you want to see and you can write anything you want to, but there is nothing in my pictures that I cannot qualify being there, with the exception that it might have gotten by me, because you can't be superhuman. Some of these lines have innuendos and double meanings, and things like that, and you have to take 8 or 10 Harvard law courses to find out what they mean.

Mr. STRIPLING. They are very subtle.

Mr. WARNER. Exceedingly so. Rossen, I gave him a credit for *They Won't Forget* and *Dust Be My Destiny*.

Erwin Shaw, *The Hard Way*.

Dalton Trumbo worked in our place in 1935 and 1936. He had credit for *The Kid From Kokomo*, and so has Ring Lardner, Jr. It gives you an idea; they work in pairs. All he is credited with is *The Road Gang*. I can't remember that. That was 12 years ago.

John Wexley had a picture called *City for Conquest* in 1940. Some of these pictures I have called off were produced during the war. Naturally, they were pictures aimed at aiding the war effort. They were realistic. Take *Action in the North Atlantic*, which was produced for the merchant marine because at the time they could not get proper enlistments and all that. I made this film. We did not pull any punches. It was a good, hard film of the real life of the merchant marine. I don't know whether you saw it or not.

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes.

Mr. WARNER. Naturally, John Howard Lawson tried to swing a lot of things in there, but to my knowledge there wasn't anything.

Mr. STRIPLING. John Howard Lawson did try to put stuff in?

Mr. WARNER. Yes; I would say he did in one form or another.

Mr. STRIPLING. All right, are you through with the list?

Mr. WARNER. No; the Epstein brothers did very good work at one time, but they fell off.

Mr. THOMAS. Did they do any part of *Mission to Moscow*?

Mr. WARNER. Their name is not on here as credit for that.

Mr. STRIPLING. Who did *Mission to Moscow*?

Mr. WARNER. Howard Koch, 1943.

Mr. THOMAS. Did he do any part of *Edge of Darkness*?

Mr. WARNER. No; just a moment please. Robert Rossen did that in 1942. That was a war subject, too.

Mr. THOMAS. You did not do *North Star*, did you?

Mr. WARNER. No; we did not.

Mr. THOMAS. You did not do *Song of Russia*?

Mr. WARNER. No; we did not. The Epstein brothers worked on a picture called *Animal Kingdom*. As I recall, that was aimed at the capitalistic system—not exactly, but the rich man is always the villain. Of course, those fellows getting two or three thousand dollars a week aren't rich men. I don't know what you would call them. Both of those fellows work together. They are never separated.

The rest of them are a lot of comedies: *Yankee Doodle Dandy, the Man Who Came to Dinner, Arsenic and Old Lace, Strawberry Blonde, Four Mothers*—all of those pictures are comedies and there is no taint of communism in them. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, this is the testimony which was given in Los Angeles before the subcommittee regarding the picture *Mission to Moscow*. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Don't you consider very frankly that the film *Mission to Moscow* was in some ways a misinterpretation of the facts, or the existing conditions?

Mr. WARNER. Of the time, you mean?

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes.

Mr. WARNER. In 1942? . . .

We put the two trials in one and the two trials were condensed because if you ran the two trials it would go on for 20 reels. I personally did not consider that film pro-Communist at the time.

Mr. THOMAS. Now, it is 1947. Do you think it is pro-Communist now?

Mr. WARNER. That I would have to think over. Let me pause for a minute and ask you a question or two, if you don't mind. You mean by saying that the type of scenes shown in that film today would that make the picture pro-Communist; is that it?

Mr. THOMAS. You said in 1942.

Mr. WARNER. It was made in 1942.

Mr. THOMAS. You did not believe it was pro-Communist?

Mr. WARNER. No. We were at war at that time.

Mr. THOMAS. Now it is 1947. Do you believe it is pro-Communist?

Mr. STRIPLING . Would you release the film now, in other words?

Mr. WARNER. No; we would not release the film now.

Mr. THOMAS. Why not release the film now?

Mr. WARNER. Because of the way Russia is handling international affairs since the cessation of the war. I consider, in my opinion as an American, that they are advocating communism throughout the world and I am not in any shape, manner, or form in favor of anything like that. In fact, I despise and detest the very word.

Mr. THOMAS. You say Mr. Davies got in touch with you. He was the first one to get in touch with you about the idea of producing this film; is that correct?

Mr. WARNER. At the time I can't remember if he contacted us, or my brother who was in New York contacted Mr. Davies. I can't say who contacted whom, but I know that we went ahead with it.

Mr. THOMAS. Did any other person in the Government contact either you or your brother in connection with producing *Mission to Moscow*?

Mr. WARNER. Not to my knowledge; no.

Mr. STRIPLING. What about the State Department?

Mr. WARNER. I am trying to think hard who—

Mr. STRIPLING. I am being very frank, Mr. Warner.

Mr. WARNER. If you will give me a couple of minutes. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Let me state further, Mr. Chairman, it has also been charged that this film had the tacit approval, if not the request, of the White House.

Mr. Warner, was there anything that occurred prior to the production of this film which led you to believe that the Government, the Federal Government, desired that this film be made as a contribution to the war effort? In other words, what I want to make clear, there is no desire on the part of the sub-committee to put you or your company on the spot for making *Mission to Moscow* but if it was made, as in other films, at the request of the Government as a so-called patriotic duty, you would have no other course to follow and you would naturally be expected to do so. . . . . .

Mr. WARNER. The general feeling as I found it in Washington was a tremendous fear that Stalin might go back with Hitler because he had done it before.

Mr. THOMAS. No. What we want to get at is the reason, not the general feelings.

Mr. WARNER. Yes; but I am just going to come back to that.

Mr. THOMAS. All right.

Mr. WARNER. The Russians were very discouraged and they figured that the United States was not going to back them up with lend-lease and so on and so forth in sufficient quantities to beat Hitler, which was very, very important to civilization, and the feeling was if a film could be made—and I imagine other things were being done—to assure the Russians and Stalin—

Mr. THOMAS, Can't you be more specific. You say a feeling existed.

Mr. WARNER. Yes.

Mr. THOMAS. We want to know more about the specific thing, something more than just a general feeling. We want to know the persons in the Government who got in touch with you concerning the making of this film.

Mr. WARNER. Well, I don't think Mr. Davies was in the Government then. He was then ex-Ambassador to Russia and almost everything was dealt through him.

Mr. THOMAS. Did anyone in the State Department get in touch with you or not?

Mr. WARNER. No. I don't know. Not to my knowledge. No one here or in New York.

Mr. THOMAS. Did anyone in the White House get in touch with you?

Mr. WARNER. No, not directly in touch; no, sir. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Well, is it your opinion now, Mr. Warner, that *Mission to Moscow* was a factually correct picture, and you made it as such?

Mr. WARNER. I can't remember.

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you consider it a propaganda picture?

Mr. WARNER. A propaganda picture—

Mr. STRIPLING. Yes.

Mr. WARNER. In what sense?

Mr. STRIPLING. In the sense that it portrayed Russia and communism in an entirely different light from what it actually was?

Mr. WARNER. I am on record about 40 times or more that I have never been in Russia. I don't know what Russia was like in 1937 or 1944 or 1947, so how can I tell you if it was right or wrong?

Mr. STRIPLING. Don't you think you were on dangerous ground to produce as a factually correct picture one which portrayed Russia—

Mr. WARNER. No; we were not on dangerous ground in 1942, when we produced it. There was a war on. The world was at stake.

Mr. STRIPLING. In other words—

Mr. WARNER. We made the film to aid in the war effort, which I believe I have already stated.

Mr. STRIPLING. Whether it was true or not?

Mr. WARNER. As far as I was concerned, I considered it true to the extent as written in Mr. Davies' book.

Mr. STRIPLING. Well, do you suppose that your picture influenced the people who saw it in this country, the millions of people who saw it in this country?

Mr. WARNER. In my opinion, I can't see how it would influence anyone. We were in war and when you are in a fight you don't ask who the fellow is who is helping you.

Mr. STRIPLING. Well, due to the present conditions in the international situation, don't you think it was rather dangerous to write about such a disillusionment as was sought in that picture?

Mr. WARNER. I can't understand why you ask me that question, as to the present conditions. How did I, you, or anyone else know in 1942 what the conditions were going to be in 1947. I stated in my testimony our reason for making the picture, which was to aid the war effort—anticipating what would happen.

Mr. STRIPLING. I don't see that that is aiding the war effort, Mr. Warner—with the cooperation of Mr. Davies or with the approval

of the Government—to make a picture which is a fraud in fact. . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Vail?

Mr. VAIL. I would like to get one or two specific answers from Mr. Warner.

Touching again upon the association, you are a very responsible executive in the motion-picture industry, Mr. Warner. You are thrown into an association, in this organization, with other executives of the industry.

Now, we have touched upon the writers that were dismissed. But we all have knowledge of a large number of actors who are generally known to have communistic sympathies and are contributors to the Communist war chest. It would seem to me that your organization would recognize the fact that the American people are not interested in viewing the pictures in which actors appear who have communistic leanings. It would seem to me that this organization should concern itself with cleaning house in its own industry.

You pointed out what the organization was not organized for, but you didn't touch upon the reason, the actual reason or reasons, for its existence. I take it for granted that the reason is the betterment and improvement of the industry. I don't think that you can improve the industry to any greater degree and in any better direction than through the elimination of the writers and the actors to whom definite communistic leanings can be traced.

Don't you agree to that, Mr. Warner?

Mr. WARNER . I agree to it personally, Mr. Congressman, but I cannot agree as far as the association is concerned. I can't, for the life of me, figure where men could get together and try in any form, shape, or manner to deprive a man of a livelihood because of his political beliefs. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF LOUIS B. MAYER

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Mayer, will you state your full name, please?

Mr. MAYER. Louis Burt Mayer.

Mr. STRIPLING. When and where were you born, Mr. Mayer?

Mr. MAYER. I was born in Russia and came to this country when I was an infant; I came to Canada and from Canada here.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, the interrogation of Mr. Mayer will be done by Mr. Smith.

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. Smith.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Chairman, I would like for the record to show Mr. Mayer is accompanied by counsel, Mr. McNutt. Mr. McNutt was with Mr. Warner this morning.

Mr. SMITH. Mr. Mayer, will you tell us what your present occupation is, please?

Mr. MAYER. I am head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, Calif.

Mr. SMITH. Mr. Mayer, as the chairman stated this morning—and I believe you were present at the time—the purpose of this inquiry is to determine the extent of Communist infiltration into the motion-picture industry.

Since you have been in Hollywood have you had an opportunity and have you observed whether or not there is any Communist infiltration into the motion-picture industry?

Mr. MAYER. Could I read a statement, Mr. Chairman?

The CHAIRMAN. Yes; that will be all right.

Mr. MAYER. Communism to me is so completely opposed to the principles of democratic government that I welcome the opportunity provided by this committee to be of any service possible to bring out the true facts concerning reported infiltration of un-American ideology into motion pictures. . . . . .

The primary function of motion pictures is to bring entertainment to the screen. But, like all other industries, we were lending every support to our Government in the war effort, and whenever a subject could be presented entertainingly, we tried sofar as possible, to cooperate in building morale.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced *Joe Smith American* as a defense-worker incentive. There were a number of films produced for the Army and Navy. Then, there was *Mrs. Miniver*, which was rushed into release at the urgent request of the United States officials to meet the rising tide of anti-English feeling that followed the fall of Tobruk.

There were a number of representatives of the Government who made periodical visits to the studios during the war. They discussed with us from time to time the types of pictures which they felt might assist the war effort. They were coordinators and at no time did they attempt to tell us what we should or should not do. We made our own decisions on production. We are proud of our war efforts and the results speak for themselves.

Mention has been made of the picture *Song of Russia*, as being friendly to Russia at the time it was made. Of course it was. It was made to be friendly. In 1938 we made *Ninotchka*, and shortly thereafter *Comrade X*, with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr—both of these films kidded Russia.

It was in April of 1942 that the story for *Song of Russia* came to our attention. It seemed a good medium of entertainment and at the same time offered an opportunity for a pat on the back for our then ally, Russia. It also offered an opportunity to use the music of Tschaikowsky. We mentioned this to the Government coordinators and they agreed with us that it would be a good idea to make the picture.

According to research I have made, our newspapers were headlining the desperate situation of the Russians at Stalingrad at that time. Admiral Standley, American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, made a vigorous plea for all-out aid. He pleaded for assistance second only to the supplies being provided the United States Fleet, and emphasized that the best way to win the war was to keep the Russians killing the Germans, and that the most effective way was to give them all the help they needed.

The United States Army Signal Corps made *The Battle of Stalingrad*, released in 1943, with a prolog expressing high tribute from President Roosevelt, our Secretaries of State, War, and Navy, and from Generals Marshall and MacArthur.

The final script of *Song of Russia* was little more than a pleasant musical romance—the story of a boy and girl that, except for the music of Tschaikowsky, might just as well have taken place in Switzerland or England or any other country on the earth.

I thought Robert Taylor ideal for the leading male role in *Song of Russia*, but he did not like the story. This was not unusual as actors and actresses many times do not care for stories suggested to them.

At the time, Taylor mentioned his pending commission in the Navy, so I telephoned the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, and told him of the situation, recalling the good that had been accomplished with *Mrs. Miniver* and other pictures released during the war period. The Secretary called back and said he thought Taylor could be given time to make the film before being called to the service. Accordingly, Taylor made the picture.

Since 1942 when the picture was planned, our relationship with Russia has changed. But viewed in the light of the war emergency at the time, it is my opinion that it could not be construed as anything other than for the entertainment purpose intended and a pat on the back for our then ally, Russia.

I am proud of the motion-picture industry; proud of its record in war and peace. With press and radio, it shares today a solemn trust—to preserve our sacred freedom of speech and fight with our every energy any attempt to use that freedom as a cloak for subversive assassins of liberty. . . . . .

Mr. SMITH. Are there any Communists, to your knowledge, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Mr. MAYER. They have mentioned two or three writers to me several times. There is no proof about it, except they mark them as Communists, and when I look at the pictures they have written for us I can't find once where they have written something like that. Whether they think they can't get away with it in our place, or what, I can't tell you but there are the pictures and they will speak for themselves. I have as much contempt for them as much as anybody living in this world.

Mr. SMITH. Who are these people they have named?

Mr. MAYER. Trumbo and Lester Cole, they said. I think there was one other fellow, a third one.

Mr. SMITH. Is that Dalton Trumbo you are speaking of?

Mr. MAYER. Yes, sir.

Mr. SMITH. And his position, please?

Mr. MAYER. He is a writer.

Mr. SMITH. And Lester Cole?

Mr. MAYER. A writer.

Mr. SMITH. Have you observed any efforts on their part to get Communist propaganda into their pictures?

Mr. MAYER. I have never heard of any.

Mr. SMITH. Do you personally read the scripts?

Mr. MAYER. Some of them; a great many.

Mr. SMITH. Do you personally know if any efforts were made to get Communist propaganda into the pictures?

Mr. MAYER. I caught something in a script recently that was anything but Communist connected. They are just as violent against them as I or you and yet there were two scenes and they couldn't believe I was right and I had to read it to them. They were not Communists who wrote it, but they set the scenes perfectly and we

changed it and took it out. We found some other medium to correct the situation. . . . . .

Mr. SMITH. Don't you feel *Song of Russia* had scene after scene that grossly misrepresented Russia as it is today, or as it was at that time?

Mr. MAYER. I never was in Russia, but you tell me how you would make a picture laid in Russia that would do any different than what we did there?

Mr. SMITH. Don't you feel from what you have read, and from what you have heard from other people, that the scenes just did not depict Russia in one iota?

Mr. MAYER. We did not attempt to depict Russia; we attempted to show a Russian girl entreating this American conductor to conduct a concert in her village where they have a musical festival every year and as it inevitably happens this girl fell in love with the conductor, and he with her. Then we showed the attack of the Germans on the Russians and the war disrupted this union. . . . . .

Mr. SMITH. Did a Government representative ever come to you, Mr. Mayer, about that picture, as to the making of it?

Mr. MAYER. I don't recall anybody coming about the making of it. I think I told them about it or discussed it with them. So much happened in that period, coming and going. They had an office out there—War Information, I think they called themselves.

Mr. SMITH. Have you seen the picture recently, Mr. Mayer?

Mr. MAYER. Yes, sir.

Mr. SMITH. What are your feelings about the picture, as to the damage it might cause to the people in the United States, that is, misleading them as to conditions in Russia?

Mr. MAYER. What scenes are you referring to?

Mr. SMITH. Do you recall scenes in there at the night club where everybody was drinking?

Mr. MAYER. They do in Moscow.

Mr. SMITH. Do you feel that represents Russia as it is today?

Mr. MAYER. I didn't make it as it is today, I made it when they were our ally in 1943.

Mr. SMITH. Do you feel it represents Russia in 1943 as conditions were in Russia?

Mr. MAYER. That is what I understood, that they go to night clubs there in Moscow. If only the rest of the Russians had a chance to do the same thing, it would be fine, but they don't. This picture was laid in Moscow.

Mr. SMITH. Has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ever produced an anti-communist picture?

Mr. MAYER. Yes.

Mr. SMITH. Would you tell us the name of it?

Mr. MAYER. *Ninotchka*. They kidded the life out of communism. It was *Ninotchka*, with Greta Garbo. We had a big deal pending with the Soviets for 60 pictures, I think, and Mr. Scates decided he better show it to these commissars, so he showed it to them, and that was the end of the deal.

Then another was *Comrade X*, in which Hedy Lamarr was a conductor and Clark Gable was Comrade X. We kidded the pants off of them in that picture, but they were not our allies then. . . . . .

Mr. VAIL. I have but one question to ask of Mr. Mayer. I appreciate that his answer can only represent his opinion, but I believe that it will go far to relieve the American public concerning a very puzzling question. Can you tell us, Mr. Mayer, just what motivates these writers and these actors whose incomes are in astronomical figures to embrace communism and to seek to destroy this free American Government that has afforded them their opportunity and has given them the place they occupy in the affections of the public and positions of power and affluence?

Mr. MAYER. My own opinion is, Mr. Congressman, which I have expressed many times in discussion, I think they are cracked. It can't be otherwise. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF MISS AYN RAND

The CHAIRMAN. Sit down.

Mr. STRIPLING. Miss Rand, will you state your name, please, for the record?

Miss RAND. Ayn Rand, or Mrs. Frank O'Conner.

Mr. STRIPLING. That is A-y-n?

Miss RAND. Yes

Mr. STRIPLING. R-a-n-d?

Miss RAND. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Is that your pen name?

Miss RAND. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. And what is your married name?

Miss RAND. Mrs. Frank O'Conner.

Mr. STRIPLING. Where were you born, Miss Rand?

Miss RAND. In St. Petersburg, Russia.

Mr. STRIPLING. When did you leave Russia?

Miss RAND. In 1926.

Mr. STRIPLING. How long have you been employed in Hollywood?

Miss RAND. I have been in pictures on and off since late in 1926, but specifically as a writer this time I have been in Hollywood since late 1943 and am now under contract as a writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. Have you written various novels?

Miss RAND. Yes, I have written two novels. My first one was called "We, the Living", which was a story about Soviet Russia and was published in 1936. The second one was "The Fountainhead," published in 1943. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Did you at the request of Mr. Smith, the investigator for this committee, view the picture *Song of Russia*?

Miss RAND. Yes.

Mr. STRIPLING. Within the past two weeks?

Miss RAND. Yes; on October 13 to be exact.

Mr. STRIPLING. In Hollywood?

Miss RAND. Yes

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you give the committee a break-down of your summary of the picture relating to either propaganda or an untruthful account or distorted account of conditions in Russia?

Miss RAND. Yes.

First of all I would like to define what we mean by propaganda. We have all been talking about it, but nobody—

Mr. STRIPLING. Could you talk into the microphone?

Miss RAND. Can you hear me now?

Nobody has stated just what they mean by propaganda. Now, I use the term to mean that Communist propaganda is anything which gives a good impression of communism as a way of life. Anything that sells people the idea that life in Russia is good and that people are free and happy would be Communist propaganda. Am I not correct? I mean, would that be a fair statement to make—that that would be Communist propaganda?

Now, here is what the picture *Song of Russia* contains. It starts with an American conductor, played by Robert Taylor, giving a concert in America for Russian war relief. He starts playing the American national anthem and the national anthem dissolves into a Russian mob, with the sickle and hammer on a red flag very prominent above their heads. I am sorry, but that made me sick. That is something which I do not see how native Americans permit, and I am only a naturalized American. That was a terrible touch of propaganda. As a writer, I can tell you just exactly what it suggests to the people. It suggests literally and technically that it is quite all right for the American national anthem to dissolve into the Soviet. The term here is more than just technical. It really was symbolically intended, and it worked out that way. The anthem continues, played by a Soviet band. That is the beginning of the picture.

Now we go to the pleasant love story. Mr. Taylor is an American who came there apparently voluntarily to conduct concerts for the Soviet. He meets a little Russian girl from a village who comes to him and begs him to go to her village to direct concerts there. There are no GPU agents and nobody stops her. She just comes to Moscow and meets him. He falls for her and decides he will go, because he is falling in love. He asks her to show him Moscow. She says she has never seen it. He says, "I will show it to you."

They see it together. The picture then goes into a scene of Moscow, supposedly. I don't know where the studio got its shots, but I have never seen anything like it in Russia. First you see Moscow buildings—big prosperous-looking, clean buildings, with something like swans or sailboats in the foreground. Then you see a Moscow restaurant that just never existed there. In my time, when I was in Russia, there was only one such restaurant, which was nowhere as luxurious as that and no one could enter it except commissars and profiteers. Certainly a girl from a village, who in the first place would never have been allowed to come voluntarily, without permission, to Moscow, could not afford to enter it, even if she worked 10 years. However, there is a Russian restaurant with a menu such as never existed in Russia at all and which I doubt even existed before the revolution. From this restaurant they go on to this tour of Moscow. The streets are clean and prosperous-looking. There are no food lines anywhere. You see shots of the marble subway—the famous Russian subway out of which they make such propaganda capital. There is a marble statue of Stalin thrown in. There is a park where you see happy little children in white blouses running around. I don't know whose children they are, but they are really happy kiddies. They are not homeless children in rags, such as I have seen in Russia. Then you see an excursion boat, on which the Russian people are smiling, sitting

around very cheerfully, dressed in some sort of satin blouses such as they only wear in Russian restaurants here.

Then they attend a luxurious dance. I don't know where they got the idea of the clothes and the settings that they used at the ball and—

Mr. STRIPLING. Is that a ballroom scene?

Miss RAND. Yes; the ballroom—where they dance. It was an exaggeration even for this country. I have never seen anybody wearing such clothes and dancing to such exotic music when I was there. Of course, it didn't say whose ballroom it is or how they get there. But there they are—free and dancing very happily. . . . . .

Now, after this tour of Moscow, the hero—the American conductor—goes to the Soviet village. The Russian villages are something—so miserable and so filthy. They were even before the revolution. They weren't much even then. What they have become now I am afraid to think. You have all read about the program for the collectivization of the farms in 1933, at which time the Soviet Government admits that 3,000,000 peasants died of starvation. Other people claim there were seven and a half million, but 3,000,000 is the figure admitted by the Soviet Government as the figure of people who died of starvation, planned by the government in order to drive people into collective farms. That is a recorded historical fact.

Now, here is the life in the Soviet village as presented in *Song of Russia*. You see the happy peasants. You see they are meeting the hero at the station with bands, with beautiful blouses and shoes, such as they never wore anywhere. You see children with operetta costumes on them and with a brass band which they could never afford. You see the manicured starlets driving tractors and the happy women who come from work singing. You see a peasant at home with a close-up of food for which anyone there would have been murdered. If anybody had such food in Russia in that time he couldn't remain alive, because he would have been torn apart by neighbors trying to get food. But here is a close-up of it and a line where Robert Taylor comments on the food and the peasant answers, "This is just a simple country table and the food we eat ourselves."

Then the peasant proceeds to show Taylor how they live. He shows him his wonderful tractor. It is parked somewhere in his private garage. He shows him the grain in his bin, and Taylor says, "That is wonderful grain." Now, it is never said that the peasant does not own this tractor or this grain because it is a collective farm. He couldn't have it. It is not his. But the impression he gives to Americans, who wouldn't know any differently, is that certainly it is this peasant's private property. and that is how he lives, he has his own tractor and his own grain. Then it shows miles and miles of plowed fields.

The CHAIRMAN. We will have more order, please.

Miss RAND. Am I speaking too fast?

The CHAIRMAN. Go ahead.

Miss RAND. Then—

Mr. STRIPLING. Miss Rand, may I bring up one point there?

Miss RAND. Surely.

Mr. STRIPLING. I saw the picture. At this peasant's village or home, was there a priest or several priests in evidence?

Miss RAND. Oh, yes; I am coming to that, too. The priest was from the beginning in the village scenes, having a position as sort of a constant companion and friend of the peasants, as if religion was a natural accepted part of that life. Well, now, as a matter of fact, the situation about religion in Russia in my time was, and I understand it still is, that for a Communist Party member to have anything to do with religion means expulsion from the party. He is not allowed to enter a church or take part in any religious ceremony. For a private citizen, that is a non-party member, it was permitted, but it was so frowned upon that people had to keep it secret, if they went to church. If they wanted a church wedding they usually had it privately in their homes, with only a few friends present, in order not to let it be known at their place of employment because, even though it was not forbidden, the chances were that they would be thrown out of a job for being known as practicing any kind of religion.

Now, then, to continue with the story, Robert Taylor proposes to the heroine. She accepts him. They have a wedding, which, of course, is a church wedding. It takes place with all the religious pomp which they show. They have a banquet. They have dancers, in something like satin skirts and performing ballets such as you never could possibly see in any village and certainly not in Russia. Later they show a peasants' meeting place, which is kind of a marble palace with crystal chandeliers. Where they got it or who built it for them I would like to be told. Then later you see that the peasants all have radios. When the heroine plays as a soloist with Robert Taylor's orchestra, after she marries him, you see a scene where all the peasants are listening on radios, and one of them says, "There are more than millions listening to the concert."

I don't know whether there are a hundred people in Russia, private individuals, who own radios. And I remember reading in the newspaper at the beginning of the war that every radio was seized by the Government and people were not allowed to own them. Such an idea that every farmer, a poor peasant, has a radio, is certainly preposterous. You also see that they have long-distance telephones. Later in the picture Taylor has to call his wife in the village by long-distance telephone. Where they got this long-distance phone, I don't know.

Now, here comes the crucial point of the picture. In the midst of this concert, when the heroine is playing, you see a scene on the border of the U.S.S.R. You have a very lovely modernistic sign saying "U.S.S.R." I would just like to remind you that that is the border where probably thousands of people have died trying to escape out of this lovely paradise. It shows the U.S.S.R. sign, and there is a border guard standing. He is listening to the concert. Then there is a scene inside kind of a guardhouse where the guards are listening to the same concert, the beautiful Tschaikowsky music, and they are playing chess. Suddenly there is a Nazi attack on them. The poor, sweet Russians were unprepared. Now, realize—and that was a great shock to me—that the border that was being shown was the border of Poland. That was the border of an occupied, destroyed, enslaved country which Hitler and Stalin destroyed together. That was the border that was being shown to us—just a happy place with people listening to music.

Also realize that when all this sweetness and light was going on in the first part of the picture, with all these happy, free people, there was not a GPU agent among them, with no food lines, no persecution—complete freedom and happiness, with everybody smiling. Incidentally, I have never seen so much smiling in my life, except on the murals of the world's fair pavilion of the Soviet. If any one of you have seen it, you can appreciate it. It is one of the stock propaganda tricks of the Communists, to show these people smiling. That is all they can show. You have all this, plus the fact that an American conductor had accepted an invitation to come there and conduct a concert, and this took place in 1941 when Stalin was the ally of Hitler. That an American would accept an invitation to that country was shocking to me, with everything that was shown being proper and good and all those happy people going around dancing, when Stalin was an ally of Hitler.

Now then, the heroine decides that she wants to stay in Russia. Taylor would like to take her out of the country, but she says no, her place is here, she has to fight the war. Here is the line, as nearly exact as I could mark it while watching the picture: "I have a great responsibility to my family, to my village, and to the way I have lived." What way had she lived? This is just a polite way of saying the Communist way of life. She goes on to say that she wants to stay in the country because otherwise, "How can I help to build a better and better life for my country." What do you mean when you say better and better? That means she has already helped to build a good way. That is the Soviet Communist way. But now she wants to make it even better. All right.

Now, then, Taylor's manager, who is played, I believe, by Benchley, an American, tells her that she should leave the country, but when she refuses and wants to stay, here is the line he uses: He tells her in an admiring friendly way that "You are a fool, but a lot of fools like you died on the village green at Lexington."

Now, I submit that that is blasphemy, because the men at Lexington were not fighting just a foreign invader. They were fighting for freedom and what I mean—and I intend to be exact—is they were fighting for political freedom and individual freedom. They were fighting for the rights of man. To compare them to somebody, anybody fighting for a slave state, I think is dreadful.

Then, later the girl also says—I believe this was she or one of the other characters—that "the culture we have been building here will never die" What culture? The culture of concentration camps.

At the end of the picture one of the Russians asks Taylor and the girl to go back to America, because they can help them there. How? Here is what he says, "You can go back to your country and tell them what you have seen and you will see the truth both in speech and in music."

Now, that is plainly saying that what you have seen is the truth about Russia. That is what is in the picture. . . . . .

My whole point about the picture is this: I fully believe Mr. Mayer when he says that he did not make a Communist picture. To do him justice. I can tell you I noticed, by watching the picture, where there was an effort to cut propaganda out. I believe he tried to cut propaganda out of the picture, but the terrible thing is the carelessness with ideas, not realizing that the mere presentation of that kind of happy existence in a country of slavery and horror is

terrible because it is propaganda. You are telling people that it is all right to live in a totalitarian state. . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. McDowell.

Mr. McDOWELL. You paint a very dismal picture of Russia. You made a great point about the number of children who were unhappy. Doesn't anybody smile in Russia any more?

Miss RAND. Well, if you ask me literally, pretty much no.

Mr. McDOWELL. They don't smile?

Miss RAND. Not quite that way; no. If they do, it is privately and accidentally. Certainly, it is not social. They don't smile in approval of their system. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF ROBERT TAYLOR

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Taylor, have you ever participated in any picture as an actor which you considered contained Communist propaganda?

Mr. TAYLOR. I assume we are now referring to *Song of Russia*. I must confess that I objected strenuously to doing *Song of Russia* at the time it was made. I felt that it, to my way of thinking at least, did contain Communist propaganda. However, that was my personal opinion. A lot of my friends and people whose opinions I respect did not agree with me.

When the script was first given me I felt it definitely contained Communist propaganda and objected to it upon that basis. I was assured by the studio that if there was communist propaganda in that script it would be eliminated. I must admit that a great deal of the things to which I objected were eliminated.

Another thing which determined my attitude toward *Song of Russia* was the fact that I had recently been commissioned in the Navy and was awaiting orders. I wanted to go ahead and get in the Navy. However, it seems at the time there were many pictures being made to more or less strengthen the feeling of the American people toward Russia.

I did *Song of Russia*. I don't think it should have been made. I don't think it would be made today.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mr. Taylor, in connection with the production of *Song of Russia*, do you know whether or not it was made at the suggestion of a representative of the Government?

Mr. TAYLOR. I do not believe that it was made at the suggestion of a Government representative; no, sir. I think the script was written and prepared long before any representative of the Government became involved in it in any way. . . . . .

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TESTIMONY OF MRS. LELA E. ROGERS

Mr. STRIPLING. Mrs. Rogers, will you please state your full name and your present address?

Mrs. ROGERS. Lela E. Rogers, 5930 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Mr. STRIPLING. Where were you born?

Mrs. ROGERS. In Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mr. STRIPLING. What is your occupation?

Mrs. ROGERS. I am the manager of my daughter's affairs and a writer of sorts.

Mr. STRIPLING. Your daughter is Ginger Rogers?

Mrs ROGERS. Yes, sir. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mrs. Rogers, are you a member of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals?

Mrs. ROGERS. Yes, sir.

Mr. STRIPLING. Are you one of the original members?

Mrs. ROGERS. Yes sir.

Mr. STRIPLING. Can you tell the committee why this organization was formed?

Mrs. ROGERS. The organization was formed in an attempt to combat the threat and the menace that we saw arising in Hollywood, the Communist infiltration in Hollywood in our unions and the guilds, and in our scripts and stories and direction and all avenues and all departments of the motion-picture industry. We felt that if we could bring this to the attention of the men in power, who had the right to hire and fire these people, and try to show them what these people were doing to their industry, that we could possibly save them from what we saw ahead, it would have to come out into the open and be dealt with summarily as is now being done.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mrs. Rogers, while you were employed as assistant to Mr. Kerner at R-K-O was it part of your duties to examine certain scripts or stories and to recommend to him whether or not they should be considered for the possible production of a picture?

Mrs. ROGERS. Yes; that was mostly my entire duty.

Mr. STRIPLING. Can you tell this committee whether or not you ever reviewed the book "None but the Lonely Heart," which was written by Richard Lewellyn?

Mrs. ROGERS. Yes, sir, I did. It was in the early part of 1944. Mr. Kerner handed me a book entitled, "None but the Lonely Heart," by Richard Lewellyn. He wanted me to read it and give an immediate report on it. It seems that Cary Grant had called from Columbia Studio to say that the book had been called to his attention by someone at Columbia who recommended it as a good story for him, Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant had not read the book. He wanted R-K-O to read it and if they found it suitable to him he wanted R-K-O to buy it and he would make it there. I found I couldn't recommend the book and said so. It was a story filled with despair and hopelessness and in my opinion was not a Cary Grant vehicle. When I finished stating my views to Mr. Kerner he told me he had bought it only a half hour before. A few days later I was present at a meeting where Mr. David Hempstead, who had been producer on the picture—

The CHAIRMAN. What was that name, Mrs. Rogers?

Mrs. ROGERS. David Hempstead. He had been made producer on the picture. He reported that he had just talked to Mr. Clifford Odets in New York and that Mr. Odets would come out to the studio and do the screen play on the story. I protested this very vehemently.

My objection to Mr. Odets as a writer was that for years I had heard that Mr. Odets was a Communist. I warned that the story lent itself to propaganda, particularly in the hands of a Communist. During the preparation for the production Mr. Odets was made director as well as writer.

Mr. STRIPLING. Mrs. Rogers, you stated that you had heard that Clifford Odets was a Communist. What do you base that upon?

Mrs. ROGERS. I have here a column of Mr. O. O. McIntyre, date lined January 8, 1936, in which Mr. McIntyre says Mr. Clifford Odets, play writer, is a member of the Communist Party. I never saw that denied. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you tell us whether or not the picture was a success?

Mrs. ROGERS. The picture was not a success at the box office, though I think it returned its cost.

Mr. STRIPLING. Do you know whether or not Mr. Odets was successful in injecting any propaganda into the film?

Mrs. ROGERS. I have here under date line of October 2, 1944, a copy of the Hollywood Reporter with a review of *None But the Lonely Heart*. The Hollywood Reporter is a Hollywood trade paper. I will read the criticism that I read at that time:

> The story, pitched in a low key, is moody and somber throughout, in the Russian manner and plods inexorably to its gloomy ending with only slight redemption in the ray of hope expressed in one of the final speeches. For the most part it moves slowly and takes time out for a bit of propaganda preachment whenever Director Clifford Odets, who also wrote the script for the Richard Lewellyn novel, felt the urge.

Mr. STRIPLING. Would you say that was a typical example of how a Communist would be successful in injecting propaganda? They refer there—they use the language, I believe, "propaganda preachment."

Mrs. ROGERS. That is right. I think that this is a splendid example, this picture, of what type of propaganda Communists like to inject in motion pictures. . . . . .

Mr. STRIPLING. Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Robert Taylor, and Mr. Robert Montgomery, among others, have testified that they would not act in a cast or picture in which Communists were in the cast, or in which Communist lines were written into the script. As your daughter's manager, so to speak, have you and your daughter ever objected to or turned down scripts because you felt that there were lines in there for her to speak which you felt were un-American or Communist propaganda?

Mrs. ROGERS. Many times.

Mr. STRIPLING. You have turned down many scripts for these reasons?

Mrs. ROGERS. Yes sir. We turned down "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, because it was just as open propaganda as "None But the Lonely Heart." . . . . .

The CHAIRMAN. Mrs. Rogers, do you believe the Communist influence in Hollywood is increasing or decreasing?

Mrs. ROGERS. I think their activities are increasing. I think it has had a great check put on it by those of us who recognized it long ago. I feel we have held it in check by exposing it. I know what it would be like if we had not. I know what it would look like now with the start that they had. But in exposing, you see, when the American people find out, you have got your battle about half won, or maybe more than that. But the American people, they think that a Communist is a man with bushy eyebrows and a great huge Russian beard. They can't believe that they could be American citizens. I can't believe it myself. I don't understand it. But they are and pretty, too.

. . . . . (to be continued)

-- André Paquet,
Cinémathèque Canadienne

This year's Vancouver International Film Festival (June 5 to 15) was to close with the presentation of Vancouver film maker Morrie Ruvinsky's film entitled *The Plastic Mile*. It was through newspaper clippings from Vancouver and a letter sent to us from a filmmaker present at the showing that we later learned that Ruvinsky's film was not presented, having been banned by the B.C. censor. Although the wires listed the winners of the awards given out during the festival, none carried the story of what happened following the interdiction of Ruvinsky's film. This is the second time in three years that a Canadian film has been refused the right of presentation at an International Film Festival held in Canada.

In 1967 Larry Kent's *High* was banned by the Quebec censors and could not be shown at the Montreal International Film Festival. In protest the other filmmakers taking part in the Canadian festival declared, before the prize-giving, that they would share the Grand Prize money ($5,000.00) with Kent. And they did.

It is interesting to note here what a Montreal film critic, Jean Chabot, wrote in *Sept-Jours* (9.11.68) when *High* finally opened in Montreal in a censored version: "I had the opportunity to see *High* in its original version last year . . . at which time it presented people who felt they were living only when drugging themselves and satisfying their sexual appetites . . . The same sex scenes were accepted in foreign films, they didn't concern anyone and offered a nice solution to sexual frustrations. In a Canadian film, these scenes become a "témoignage", they captured the essence of a whole way of life, they demanded awareness and change. Why were they cut? . . . They killed the film. Don't go and see it. Wait till it comes out again and doesn't bother anyone anymore."

We received from Tom Shandel, another Vancouver filmmaker, not involved in the production of *The Plastic Mile*, the following letter:

THE NIGHT THE PLASTIC MILE LOST 500 FEET

What an evening. This was to be Vancouver's big night. A locally made feature film premiering. Not the first. There was once Larry Kent. But Morrie Ruvinsky is much better looking. Everyone came to see the sex. Now this is really amazing because

1-*no one* had been showing up to the Festival and this was the second last night

and 2-after *Hieronymous Merkin* what more could they all have hoped for?

But you see, the word got out that *The Plastic Mile* was in trouble with the censor. You know: it'll show, no it won't, Yes it will, "over my *dead* body," said the censor, or something like it. It wasn't even an interesting dispute. The problem was a line, and I quote, "You goddam titless frigid bitch." Morrie refused to cut it and the censor was equally firm. Deadlock. And a dumb line too.

Well they came. Hordes milling outside the theatre. Festival Committee people rushing out periodically saying either "no *Plastic Mile*" or "we'll show it" depending on their taste. The crowd booed or cheered (some booed *and* cheered) as one would expect of a mob lined up on the hot evening street.

Inside, things were bubbling. The usual concensus power-plays, politics. Peter Jones and Ben Metcalf, the president of VIFF, alone supported showing the film and damn the censor—principle. They lost. The Projectionists Union refused to show it—also principle. That did it. "Nixon on dis doity movie," the majority of the executive shrieked, "the law *is* the law." So the real nitty-gritty issue turned out to be "law and order." Reasoning? Well, the Festival will really be doomed; the censor will want to preview everything next year. He has a price, dig? So much a viewing. And since attendance had been miserable, the receipts thin, the Festival could hardly expect to break even, let alone pay a bigger censor's fee next year. Principle?

What a dilemma! The price of law and order.

What it boils down to, brothers, is the lesson that black brother Stokely preaches: "Don't corner the Man without giving him an exit." Watch out when you get 'em backed up to a wall; even the timid will come out snarling.

But what the hell. The issue was only a film. Shadows on a wall. On with the parade! Well Morrie finally made his entrance, and much to his annoyance, a group of supporters filled in behind him and began to sing—are your ready—"We Shall Overcome." Jesus! Overcome what? A censor? How? I say let him cense, if that's his job. Overcome this bullshit? Why these kids were part of it. And finally, to sing that particular song shows just how complex the good guys/bad guys formula has become. Even Peter Jones (good guy) has a black moustache! Cripes!

Overheard in the lobby: One middle-aged matron to another as Morrie and his cortege passed by,

"He's awfully dark, is he a negro? Ruvinsky . . . doesn't *sound* negro, really, does it?

Into the theatre proper. Improper really. Why a film Festival in

a Theatah with only 660 seats and no popcorn?

Awards first. You know, best director and best film to two different guys. The usual. During this ho-hum Morrie appeared on the stage with a large cardboard box out of which he pulled five reels and placed them along the stage apron to let the people *see* the *Plastic Mile*.

"How rude", said a gent disapprovingly, "when someone is trying to speak."

A young man of the Festival's executive fresh from his student film society romance with Fellini and Bergman was doing what I suppose can be called his "thing" at the mike: why law and order was the *issue* and the Festival had obligations to take responsibility and why he voted to cancel the film. And he's in his early twenties! Weird. Anyway, people booed or cheered as they saw fit. I booed *and* cheered again. Because by now Morrie was huddling with a band on stage that now numbered, oh my gosh, twenty or thirty. What are they whispering? Morrie's probably imploring them not to sing *that* song again. So they smoke.

Peter Jones then gave a talk about his views which, cutting out the diplomacy, said what a lot of bull and turned the stage over to Morrie—when IT HAPPENED! How anyone could top the circus after the lion had eaten the trainer—but Morrie did it. He began cutting one foot chunks of the film and passing it out to the startled

audience. Chlunk. Up and down the aisles. Bits of film. Chlunk. Thank you. Chlunk. A remarkable example of pure intuitive genius. People were grabbing for the bits. Chlunk. Some were cheering. Chlunk. The theatre manager was yelling at Morrie to put out his cigarette. Chlunk. People were yelling for the replacement feature to start. Chlunk. And Canadian Cinema was presented with its *first truly significant GESTURE! ! !* Chlunk, chlunk, chlunk. The whole thing was right there . . . beautiful . . . beautiful.

The result? Bad, of course. The censor is probably jealous of all that gratuitous cutting. The law and orderites think they've saved a Festival. The kids think it was *the* revolution. Morrie hopes it means much press.

But it was all beside the point. The issue wasn't the content of *The Plastic Mile*—for Christ's sake, the film they showed instead *(Love Affair)* had male and female crotch shots, and *Heironymous Merkin* showed as much Barbie-doll-plastic-pussies as any self respecting screen could bare, and the same censor passed that earlier. No, the issue had bugger all to do with what *The Plastic Mile* said or showed, but simply that it was local, a Canadian film, and thus easier to quash. Not conceivable? No powerful lobby on its $ide, just a semi-deranged filmmaker going down for the 17th time. Cut this. Cut that. We can't have "frigid titless bitch"—if its made here, children, our own people will nail it to their cross. Check the history of *High* in Quebec. *High* has yet to play here in any form publically.

Its pathetic, but by missing the point, it probably *will* happen again. Maybe a film of mine. Maybe one of yours. Better save your "outs", friends, in one foot chunks if you can—might be the only showing you'll get. ■

An Evening of Richard Bartlett — the most controversial young filmmaker in the U.S. today.

"Richard Bartlett combines the freedom, humour and audacity of the underground with the control and technical excellence of the professionals. He has the ability to amuse, fascinate and sometimes to shock." For the first time in Canada, his major films are being offered as a package. Between them, they have won every major prize given to independent filmmakers in the USA, and they have been seen and admired from London to Oberhausen.

CONSTANCE, 1965, b&w, 23 minutes
A farsical adaptation of "Lady Chatterly's Lover". A three-hundred-pound Lady Chatterly wanders into the woods one day and finds a wood-chopper with whom she dances through pastoral scenes. In the end, the chopper and Constance do in her crippled husband and run off into the sunset.

FACE JUNK, 1966, colour, 9 minutes
An experimental film of an extreme close-up look at a girl applying make-up (Runner-Up, National Student Film Festival, Lincoln Center, 1967; New York Film Festival, 1968)

THEY DONE HER IN, 1967, colour, 25 minutes
A satirical look at small-town life and middle-class society. A dramatic film comedy of Vivian, a tormented teen, and how her parents do her in. (First Prize, Wellesley Film Festival, 1968; Yale Film Festival, 1968; Honorable Mention, McKennyon Film Festival, 1967)

A QUESTION OF COLOR, 1967, colour, 10 minutes
It's a hard-to-describe film, using colour aesthetically and as a racial comment. (Second Prize, National Student Film Festival, Berkeley, 1968; First Prize, Wellesley Film Festival; Winner of Student Film Prize, Oberhausen, Germany, 1968; Invited to be shown at Short Film Week, London, 1968; mentions in Esquire, Life and the New York Times)

BITTER GRAPES, 1968, colour, 18 minutes
Owes a great deal to *Face Junk* — which it surpasses. (Winner, Independent Filmmakers Competition, St Lawrence University, 1968; Prize-winner, Hunter College Film Competition, 1968; Prize-winner, Baldwin College Film Competition, 1968; Yale Film Festival, 1968; chosen by the American selection committee as an entry into the Oberhausen Short Film Festival, 1969; Winner, Denison Film Festival, 1969; a print has been bought by the Museum of Modern Art, New York City)

One hour and 25 minutes (mostly colour) total. 16mm.

All In A Day's Work

(East German, b&w, 16mm, 45 minutes)

"But the best film (at the Este Festival of 'filmed investigations') came from East Germany: the third of four episodes of a series entitled 'Pilots in Pyjamas', *All In A Day's Work* (directed by Walter Heynowski and Gerhard Scheuman). It is a description, by American pilots imprisoned in North Vietnam, of their daily activities prior to their capture. A film of propaganda, and therefore far preferable to the silent objectivity that has so far come to us from both sides (eg. *17th Parallel* or *A Face of War*). The most interesting aspect is not the organization of the material nor the construction of the film (though these deserve mention), but the depicting — without insistence and almost involuntarily — of the evolution of the prisoners in question, to the point where it becomes harder for them to talk about what they had been doing than it had been to do it."

Cahiers du Cinéma

Audience Size	Day's Work	Bartlett
Minimum	$ 25	$ 50
75- 99	35	75
100-299	45	100
300-499	55	125
500-749	65	150
750-999	75	180
1000 plus or theatrical	negotiate	negotiate

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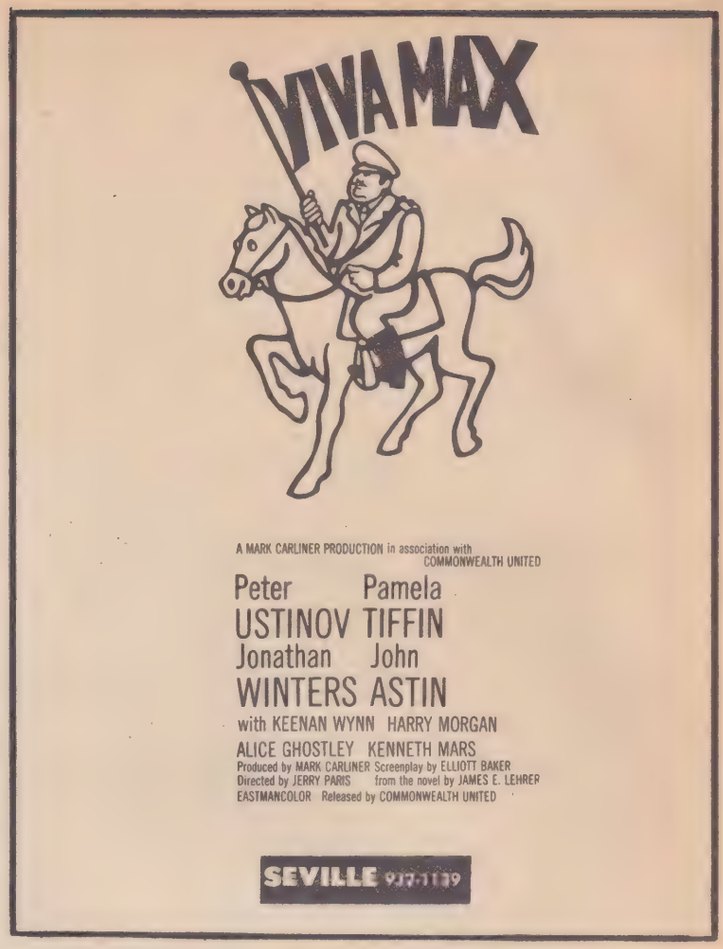
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THEY STILL 'TRIP' HORSES

GERALD PRATLEY

The conversation was prompted by the new version of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Did they kill any horses this time? Everyone remembered what happened in the Errol Flynn-Michael Curtiz version. Among the dozens of horses that were tripped by wires five, fifteen (no one ever seems quite sure of the exact number) were killed.

This was not exactly new. Horses in westerns and war films which suffered severe injuries were regularly disposed of without the public knowing. But the death toll in the 1936 *Charge* was so high and so widely publicized that the efforts of a concerned public and the American Humane Association forced filmmakers to change their ways, and studios to improve their public image.

It was ironic that the Code and official censorship bodies sternly forbade the showing of cruelty to animals (as though it didn't exist) but did not forbid filmmakers from being cruel themselves in the use of animals. And few audiences stopped to think how horses came crashing down in battles or were ridden over cliffs. In the back of their minds was the vague (and comforting) thought that everything in films could be faked.

But procedures changed after Flynn's violent charge. The studios promised that horses would be trained to fall, and agreed to allow a representative of the humane group to be on the set to see that horses, and all other animals, were not overworked and mistreated. And the use of wires to trip horses was outlawed.

Or was it?

Some 32 years later we are on location in Durango, Mexico, for *A Man Called Horse*. There are several of us from press, radio and tv, and among the vast throng of unit men and hundreds of horses we come across a quiet, uniformed and elederly gentleman. "My name" he said, "is Jay P. Fishburn, from the Hollywood office of the American Humane Association." An impromptu interview began over the use of horses in westerns and movies like *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, which was filmed in Turkey.

He pointed out that his organization had no authority outside the States and it was common knowledge that countries without strong Humane Associations—such as Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia, where "sword and sandal" epics and now westerns, were being made in increasing numbers—placed no restrictions on producers who thought nothing of buying old horses cheaply and misusing them, and who gave carte-blanche to ambitious special effects men and second unit directors anxious to achieve even bloodier and more "exciting" effects than in their previous films. Unfortunately, some American directors filming abroad tolerated this.

In the States, it costs producers a great deal of money to hire trained, well-cared-for horses, and it is not profitable to injure or destroy them. They usually fall on specially prepared ground. If a horse hurts itself falling once, it will not fall easily, if ever again. Also, it's almost impossible to make a horse fall once it is charging at high speed. This is why directors who want "realism" use wires to bring them down instead of using their imaginations to convey injury to horses without actually harming them.

On the whole, said the AHA man (whose travel and per-day expenses, but not salary, are paid by the film companies) "our producers are considerate and humane."

"We watch to see that horses are not winded in chases and that breakaway equipment is used. If producers are not cooperative, we stop the production. But this seldom happens."

"But we must always be alert. A few weeks ago on a film called *The Wild Bunch*, our man was tricked into leaving the location. While he was away they tripped a horse with a 'running w,' the device which is outlawed." (By way of explanation: they fasten wires to the horse's front feet, the animal gathers speed with the wires running out behind. When he reaches an impressive speed, the wires stop and the horse crashes down.)

"What do you do about it? " we asked.

"We make them cut the scene from the film."

"How does this help the horse? "

"It doesn't, but the theory is that if such scenes are cut out, producers won't go to the expense of filiming them. If they refused, I suppose we could charge them with cruelty to animals. The resulting publicity wouldn't do the studio any good. But remember, if our man didn't see it, who would testify? "

He added: "I doubt very much this would happen on this film; but the second unit director will be here soon. I hear they are planning some spectacular falls, but I'll be here all the time. No one will get me away on false pretenses."

To show consideration for animals is thought to be old-fashioned, feminine and sentimental. The so-called realists and "true artists" scorn this concern. They argue that in the interest of reality and art, in recreating history, they have the right to use animals any way they see fit to "arrive at the truth" even if injury and death are involved.

It's a continuing argument. What if they start to apply it to the use of actors? ■

THE TREE

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR?

The Tree. A Robert Guenette (140 West End Ave., New York City) Release, 1969. Black and white, 92 min. Script, production and direction: Robert Guenette. Cast: Jordon Christopher, Eileen Heckart, George Rose, James Broderick, Ruth Ford, Fred J. Scollay.

Who's That Knocking at My Door? A Joseph Brenner Associates Release, 1969. Black and white, 90 min. Producers: Joseph Weill, Betzi Manoogian and Haig Manoogian. Script and direction: Martin Scorsese. Cast: Zina Bethune, Harvey Keitel, Lennard Kuras, Michael Scala.

The Tree and *Who's That Knocking at My Door,* two gritty successors to the *Marty* syndrome, two late-coming stabs at American neo-realism, are independently-produced American first features so extraordinarily alike in both surface qualities and thematic implications that you would think them the result of some reckless muse bestowing dubiously duplicate favors on their respective writer-directors, Robert Guenette and Martin Scorsese. They are similar in plot—each treating sexually confused young men and each leading up to the flashback climax of a rape; in form—using scrambled-time narratives in fancy editing style; and in general qualities—good black and white photography, small screen, and careful, if somewhat self-conscious, sets, locations, dialogue and acting.

Both explore the hermetic environments of working-class post-immigrant American society. *The Tree's* Polish-America and *Knocking's* Italian-America are such social structures in which the isolation of imported nationalism and Roman Catholicism collides with dreary urban or industrial town living to produce characters somewhat dislocated in time and place. Thus neither film seems quite up to date, and, in treating young people, they exist spiritually, if not actually, in a world of semi-remembered 1950's adolescence, a virgin America still untransformed by media (although both films show T.V.-watching) into the relatively homogeneous hippie-cosmopolitan youth culture which, by now, has infiltrated the country on almost all levels. References, visual or verbal, to long-haired men, unisex bell-bottoms, love beads or psychedelia are conspicuously absent; *Knocking's* music is mainly rock 'n' roll of ten years ago, *The Tree's* is dated sounding modern jazz—indeed one character in *The Tree* has left for New York to become a jazz musician, a quaint touch more evocative of *Shadows* or *The Connection* than *Easy Rider* or *Hair.* Yet this ambiguous suspension of time makes for a dramatically potent suspension of disbelief. A world where guys still wear white shirts and grey suits to a party, or where people still go to a polka dance hall on Saturday night becomes a world stable enough so that plot premises like *The Tree's* young man's kidnapping his dead sister's daughter or *Knocking's* Italo-Catholic obsessions with virgin brides become acceptable because no alternative forms of behavior are even suggested. If the results are somewhat synthetic and theatrical, they also have an admirable austerity and containment lacking in the wilder, so-called swinging movies so currently prevalent.

Synthetic and theatrical, too, are much of the pictures' acting and dialogue. Lines seem lifted off the typewritten script-page and thrust into the mouths of the actors in desperate attempts to sound realistic. But all of the false starts, digressions, sputterings and silences of real conversation, while continually aped, become, in the attempt, all the more conspicuously affected and artificial under the camera-eye's glare. *The Tree* fares better here, for, whatever else lacking, actors like Jordon Christopher and Eileen Heckart are capable of giving a mystical, on-stage application to their roles, a hammy deliberation in approaching Christopher's somewhat improbable problem of hiding his niece in his late father's now-aging girl friend's house, preying, with his supposed spitting image, on the latter's sentimental memories. *Who's that Knocking's* Zina Bethune, a T.V. leftover from *The Nurses,* has a bit more trouble at playing an Unaffected Self, a girl who doesn't know French but buys "Paris Match" because it looks interesting, reads *Tender is the Night,* and secretly likes Westerns. We never learn what she does for a living, but, like her boy friend J.R. (Harvey Keitel), she is presented, in her simplicity, sincerity and semi-intelligence, without the condescending feeling gotten whenever obvious intellectuals, from Tennessee Williams through Paddy Chayefsky to Delbert Mann, try to approach the Little People of America as they Really Are. Scorsese may not approve of his characters, or even like them, and he may handle them awkwardly at times, but at least he respects their humanity, which puts him far closer to early De Sica, or, more recently, Olmi, than any of Hollywood's aborted attempts of the fifties.

Nonetheless, if these movies are any indication of what may be in store for the American cinema, then it is an odd turnabout indeed. The use of flashy construction and some pretension is an understandable indulgence in personal films of such modest production values. Yet, in the odd limitations of their themes and the overall simplicity of their director's images (with little, say, of the in-frame complexity of a new-blood Hollywoodite like Sam Peckinpah) *The Tree* and *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* are ultimately most reminiscent of the old, somewhat over-written, T.V. "Playhouse 90" genre. It is as if that very genre which spawned Sidney Lumet and John Frankenheimer and so many others who were later to develop far more complex styles in film were now being nostalgically called-upon by young filmmakers working in a style which, with its small frame, formal black and white, and comparatively low depth of field, is oddly similar to the old television image. Or, to put it in McLuhanesque terms, it is as if the higher definition of color television were being compensated for by a new, lower definition black and white movie, thus joining the limitations of what would otherwise be a mere economic necessity with the higher artistic requirements of stylistic relevance.

George Lellis

Z

A Cinema V release, 1969, of a Jacques Perrin—Ahmed Rachedi production. Colour. Director: Costa-Gavras. Screenplay: Costa-Gavras and Jorge Semprun (from a novel by Vassili Vassilikos). Photography: Raoul Coutard. Music: Mikis Theodorakis (arranged by Bernard Gerard). Editor: Françoise Bonnot. Cast: Yves Montand, Irene Papas, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Jacques Perrin, Charles Denner, Georges Geret.

You'd think that the skills behind this film and the real excitement they create would be enough for anyone, but already *Z* is being praised for the wrong reasons. The menace is right there on the screen from the first shot and the first note of Theodorakis' very effective score, but a web of intrigue and conspiracy is being woven over the film with tales of how many obstacles its makers faced, and, by implication, how "they" tried to stop it. The Black Panthers tried to get it for a benefit showing in San Francisco before its regular release, and the fact that it was filmed in

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Algeria, current refuge of Eldridge Cleaver and a 3rd-world byword, is also part of the clandestine feeling surrounding it. All right, but none of this has much to do with why *Z* works so well as a thriller, nor do the rather elementary slogans of its political attitudes. What the attacks on the CIA, overseas bases, and "lackeys of the Pentagon" do accomplish is to underline the us-versus-them elements of risk and danger, the real meat of the film.

Putting crowds on the street and showing cops cracking their heads is no guarantee of validity, or even excitement, as *Medium Cool* proved, but Costa-Gavras' handling of these scenes is masterful. The film as a whole doesn't quite measure up to its first half-hour, and the ending, which tells, rather than dramatizes, what happened to the key figures in the true story, is done too rapidly to have its full impact. But there are enough heart-stopping scenes along the way to make up for this and for the rather sketchy treatment of the leading characters. The stars subordinated their personalities for the sake of a project they obviously believed in, but the result is that we see victims and symbols rather than people; given the headlong pace of the film, there probably wasn't time for more than the few subliminal flashbacks we do get. The exceptions are some of the lesser characters, as played by Pierre Dux, Georges Geret, Renato Salvatori, and especially Marcel Bozzufi, whose portrayal of the homosexual tough walks off with the acting honors.

One final note. When *Z* was shown at the San Francisco Film Festival, a local anti-government Greek passed out handbills calling for his "Fellow free men" to join him in a demonstration outside the Greek Consulate. These were dutifully picked up by the people who had given the film a standing ovation. At the appointed time, he appeared at the consulate with hundreds of placards for the expected supporters. Not one person showed up. So much for commitment.

Joseph Kostolefsky

LION'S LOVE

A film by Agnes Varda, 1968. Executive producer: Max L. Rabb. Produced, directed and written by Agnes Varda. Editor: Robert Dalva. Music: Joseph Byrd. Script consultant: Carlos Clarens. Cast: Viva, Shirley Clarke, Jerome Ragni, James Rado, Carlos Claren and Eddie Constantine. 115 minutes.

When Paris-based director Agnes Varda (*Le Bonheur*) recently accompanied her husband Jacques Demy to Hollywood (where he was filming *The Model Shop* with Anouk Aimée), she decided to make an all-American movie for a change. The result is *Lions Love*, a film about Hollywood which is (ironically enough) conceived and executed in pure New York underground film style.

Introspective in a way that many recent underground films tend to be, *Lions Love* concerns a female director who goes to Hollywood to make a movie. But instead of playing herself in the film, Miss Varda invited her close friend and American alter-ego, New York director Shirley Clarke (*The Connection, Portrait of Jason*), to take the lead. This switch proves disconcerting since the idealistic impressions of Hollywood presented in the film obviously belong to European-born Miss Varda and not to a hard core veteran of the New York underground like Shirley Clarke.

And to confuse matters even further Miss Varda has included another member of the New York underground scene, Andy Warhol's frizzy-haired sometime sidekick Viva, who plays an out-of-work actress living in a posh pad with two long-haired male flat-mates, Jerry and Jim, both of whom were last seen in a west coast production of "Hair". With her expressionless face and incredible talent for non-acting, Viva spends most of her time in this film curled up in bed between her two muscle-bound room-mates eating tv dinners and watching television.

Shirley Clarke also seems to have a singular talent for not emoting. When she moves into Viva's flat she wanders around talking to herself about shooting ratios and tight-fisted producers. She also does a lot of riding around in the back seat of a taxi, giving Miss Varda an opportunity to show off Sunset Strip, Studio City and the street signs bearing actors' names at every turn. Now, who else but someone coming into contact with the Hollywood myth for the first time would be impressed by all of this?

During the climax of the film, Shirley is supposed to gulp down an overdose of sleeping pills after a particularly trying day at the studio. She cannot seem to bring herself to take the pills on camera however, and so director Varda slips casually into Shirley's mod gear and takes over her part for the scene. Then the real Shirley is whisked off to the hospital while Viva and her companions switch channels to a news broadcast of the Robert Kennedy assassination on the tube.

For what seems like the greater part of the remaining screen time we, the viewers, are forced to concentrate on crying Kennedys. While some people may not mind seeing old movies on tv, I do object to suffering through interminable old tv clips in the movies. The only thing that saves this sequence from being excruciatingly boring is the unique decor of Viva's genuinely fake Hollywood pad—fringed and tassled pillows, gilded bird cages, motley spreads, you name it.

After Shirley Clarke's return from the hospital the film picks up somewhat with Viva and her companions acting out a scene from Michael McClure's play "The Beard" in a drained swimming pool in their backyard. But while McClure's witty dialogue between Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid is entertaining, I still object to Miss Varda's use of secondary sources either to amuse or bore.

In all, it is difficult to tell just what Agnes Varda is trying to say about Hollywood in this film. In a recent interview with Village Voice critic Jonas Mekas she explained that *Lions Love* is simply a collage of her impressions of Hollywood in 1968. Viva, the Kennedy assassination, the McClure play are all part of the collage. This may very well be true. But after seeing *Lions Love* several times, I am just about ready to class films about directors trying to make films, along with books about novelists trying to write books and plays about playwrights trying to write plays, as tediously self indulgent.

Arlene Gould

PAUL

A Parc Film Production, 1969. Black and white, 95 minutes. Producer: Mag Bodard. Script and direction: Diurka Medveczky. Photography: Charlet Recors. Music: Michel Puig. Cast: Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, Jean-Pierre Kalfon.

A film about the good, the true, and the beautiful, made with the same qualities, and

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without sensation or sentiment, will have a hard time finding an audience. A (San Francisco) Film Festival audience touted onto "an *Easy Rider* without motorcycles" expressed its displeasure at seeing nothing of the kind, and it will likewise disappoint Léaud fans, youth buffs, vicarious street fighters and anyone who feels that motion is everything. The beginning of *Paul* is misleading, with the frenzied disposal of a rat in a trash can while bourgeois life goes its hypocritical way, leading into a series of short satiric sequences. These even had chapter titles, and you could almost hear the audience smacking its lips in anticipation of "another Godard". Fortunately for the film, it soon goes its own way, as Paul goes his. As he rejects first his family, then a turned-on cousin, and is turned out of a truck by a driver he won't talk to, he takes up with a traveling commune of mystic vegetarians. From this point on, the film assumes the life-style of the vagabonds— austere, serene, and outwardly beautiful. Medveczky, an artist making his first film, can perhaps be faulted for images reminiscent of prize-winners in a photography salon, but they nearly always advance or comment on the story as well as being handsome in their own right.

In the end, the commune falls apart as the good life proves too good for its members to live up to. The leader succumbs first, then his girl, who leaves him for Paul and a brief idyl on a remote island. When the forces of progress seize on the island as a building site, the girl again defects, running off with a construction tycoon who seduces her with bottles of milk. The tone of the film changes very gradually from a joyous celebration of the simple life to resigned acknowledgement that it won't work. This is probably why people will reject this film, resenting its pessimism while calling it dull. It isn't; the pace is just slow enough to give each section its own weight before moving on to the next, always more discouraging, turn of events. All this is done in striking images marked by fine contrasts and a bold manipulation of light within individual shots. And the most indelible of the images come at the very end, when Paul is murdered and immolated in a deserted field, the girl jumps from a speeding car, and the ferocious drumming that accompanied the rat's funeral returns. Society is back, and back on top.

Joseph Kostolefsky

A MARRIED COUPLE

1969, colour, 97 minutes. Director: Allan King. Editor: Arla Sarre. Cameraman: Richard Leiterman. Sound: Cristian Wangler. "Cast": Billy and Antoinette Edwards, their son Bogart and their dog Merton.

"Life is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel." Horace Walpole's adage is also applicable to Allan King's new film *A Married Couple*. The movie is a frequently painful, often funny, embarrassingly intimate portrait of a couple whose marriage is breaking up. Although it is not a staged film, it is photographed in colour with the same clarity and sensitivity of a studio job; though not a fictional film, it is often more dramatic than anything that could have come from a screenwriter's pen. Allan King, who with *Warrendale* had shown himself to be one of Canada's most talented filmmakers has done it again, and this time with a movie that is so interesting in so many ways that one hardly knows where to begin talking about it.

In order to produce this film, the director and crew actually moved in with the husband and wife. When they went to bed, the camera was there and running; when they got up in the morning, it was also ready and waiting. Using newly-developed, very portable 16mm cameras and specialized sound equipment, the film team stood relatively removed from the action and recorded what ensued.

Obviously, the presence of the cameras could not be completely ignored, but the personalities of the actors in this life drama inevitably began to show through. To those who would doubt that such a thing is possible, I would recommend that they see the movie. Time and time again, one finds oneself wincing and looking away from the screen because what is coming from it is obviously too real. The laughter that rings throughout the auditorium is often the nervous laughter produced by the situation hitting a little too close to the nerve of reality as we experience it.

The technique in cinéma vérité is to shoot literally miles of film and select from this mass of images and sound 90 minutes that will contain the quintessence of the situation within some overall cinematic structure. It is this art of selecting and shaping which so few directors of this school have completely mastered. Don Pennebaker (*Monterey Pop, Don't Look Back*, etc.) in a recent talk in Montreal, presented himself as a sort of direct transmitter of reality using his art to place us in situations that would otherwise be inaccessable to us. Unfortunately, the loose construction and sloppy ramblings of most of his films reflect only too well these limited theories put into practice.

Allan King's work in this style is at the other end of the spectrum. *A Married Couple* is nothing short of a polished jewel in terms of how it was put together. What was finally selected is relevant, powerful and to the point. The film, as a whole, is as tight as any pre-scripted work, with all the nuances, all the dialogue and all the other subtleties found in the best conventional cinema.

Within this tight structure, cinema's little-explored ability to transmit whole chunks of reality is thrown in as an extra bonus. The square screen puts a frame around the situation so that we can step outside of ourselves and see the mechanisms of behavior in action.

Marriage, as seen from my side of the veil, has always appeared to me a very peculiar convention notwithstanding its obvious popularity. The wife in this film says to a friend at one point, "The world is filled with so many people; why do I have to have only one of them." The practice of isolating two human beings and having them interact for the rest of their lives is one peculiar to our constipated society.

The couple in this film have been together for eight years and their patterns of behavior with respect to each other have long been preprogrammed. Ideally, the two should be interacting as a unit; in fact, as with many marriages, the interaction is a destructive one.

The couple selected for this microscopic viewing is not a typical one. The husband is a witty ad copy writer and the wife is quite intelligent, or at least well-educated. The objects with which their world is cluttered—the modern furniture, the Beatle records and the late model foreign car—are all typical of the well-off hip couple. The mental attitudes, their ideas of freedom, of women's rights versus male supremacy, are equally familiar scenery.

This is not a very pretty film but not because things are so continually dreadful, but because everything is so real and so common.

Ronald Blumer

Following a brilliant debut as director of short films of a quality rare in Portugal—films which have surprised both public and critics alike—the young Portuguese filmmaker Faria de Almeida is preparing a full-length feature; *Bonecos de Luz (Dolls of Light)*, adapted from the well-known novel by Romeu Correia, one of the leading representatives of the neo-realist movement in Portuguese literature.

Romeu Correia, the powerful author of "Calamento", the lyrical novelist of experience, of adventure and of human solidarity, writer of "Trapo Azul" and "Gandaia", is also a rare example of the dramatist who has profoundly penetrated into the popular conscience, as evidenced in "Casaco de Fogo" and "O Vagabundo das Maos de Ouro". His works always bear the mark of real life (or of someone who has lived), and are very often stained with blood. Whence their contagious power of communication.

Insofar as the filmic adaptation of "Bonecos de Luz" is concerned, Faria de Almeida plans to put on the screen a work in the form of a filmed burlesque, well-suited to the taste of a certain tradition among today's popular novelists. Narrated in the first person singular, the action unfolds in a primitive land (which could be Portugal or anywhere else in the world) where the unsophisticated population is shaken by their first taste of the cinematographic experience. *Bonecos de Luz* is the history of the silent cinema and of its early exponents, constituting accordingly a simple *hommage* to the greatest interpreter of the film art—Charles Chaplin.

We hope that it will perhaps be with *Bonecos de Luz* that film fans around the world will finally become aware of the world's most unappreciated cinema—that of Portugal.

Vasco Granja

TORONTO LETTER

Having completed filming in November, the Cinema Six production *Homer* is now being edited at Film House by Michael Manne. The film's producers, Terry Dene (27) and Steven North (26) (an Associate-Producer on *Medium Cool*), are enthusiastic about the prospects for making features in Canada. *Homer*, which stars Tisa Farrow and Don Scardino, is the first American-financed production to be made by an all-Canadian crew. The director John Trent previously worked on *Wojeck*, cameraman Laszlo George works on commercials for T.D.F. and did much of the photography for *A Place to Stand*, the soundman Russ Heisse also did *Warrendale*.

The progress of the film will be closely watched by other American producers considering projects set in Canada. The attractions for American companies are the variety of locations, the lower cost of production (*Homer* was budgeted for $800,000 in Hollywood and is being made for $500,000 in Toronto), the more cooperative attitude of unions allowing smaller and more flexible crews, and the added incentive of the Canadian Film Development fund. Producer Terry Dene praised the work of the Canadian technicians ("as good a crew as you could find anywhere in Hollywood") but found the lab services in Toronto lagging far behind their American counterparts. "In order to keep a feature production on schedule it is vital to have a one day lab service to allow the director to see the previous day's rushes before shooting". This the Toronto labs were unable to provide and, according to Dene, the lack of adequate 35mm colour processing facilities is the largest single factor inhibiting a Canadian film industry.

Nevertheless, Cinema Six has sufficient confidence in the future of feature films in Canada to have opened a permanent office at Film House and two more features are planned for 1970.

Alan Collins

Lillian Gish; *The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me*. Prentice-Hall, 388 pp., $7.95 ($9.50 in Canada).

Can it all be true, one asks oneself about this Lillian Gish saga. Her goodness is hard to believe, yet I do believe it. Until a biography of Miss Gish is written, her life as reported in this autobiography must stand. She came through our movie-making sewers including the hazard of being a star, unsullied. This reviewer concluded Miss Gish's biography devoted to her not only as an actress but as a woman. What's more, she's a great lady. Because she seems unaware of her goodness and is no prude, Lillian Gish's almost Pollyannaish ideals and values are not offensive.

Half of this autobiography is devoted to a biography of D.W. Griffith. Miss Gish kept in touch with him long after she stopped appearing in his films. It is understandable that she could not tell her story without bringing him in on every other page. No actress filled more roles in Griffith films than she. She was his friend, critic, and collaborator. Her debt to him for the fineness in her career and life is large. The converse is also true.

A surprise of the autobiography is the extent to which it has value as a production journal of the Griffith films. One would expect that Miss Gish attended to her costumes, makeup, and performances and was oblivious to much of the work and thought that went into the creation of a Griffith masterpiece. Were she working with Griffith in Hollywood today, it would not be possible for her to know as much about him and assist with the lighting, set-decorating, music, and editing, but when she was in a Griffith cast, she couldn't escape learning a great deal about what went into the total production and assisting in numerous ways other than acting. For a study of Griffith and how he hammered tawdry moviemaking into an art form, the autobiography is valuable document.

The intercutting between scenes to create suspense, for which Griffith is famed, seems to have had a repercussion on Miss Gish. She did assist with the editing of his films, and she demonstrates her ability to keep a book moving interestingly by the way in which she intercuts between her personal life and career, that of her sister Dorothy, their mother, and Griffith. Her book is welded together so that one is not induced to skip a page or two.

The slices of her personal life are thin. She has much to say about her mother, Dorothy, and H.L. Mencken, who wanted to marry her, but she does not expose her inner self. The somewhat invisible Miss Gish may be explained by the manner in which the book got started. Her assignment at the beginning of her twelve years of work was suggested by the "Reader's Digest". She was asked to write a book about Griffith. After she wrote 60,000 words about him, Miss Gish was asked to have another go at it and write about herself, her sister and mother. She wrote another 60,000 words. She was given help in finalizing the book by Charles Chaplin's secretary and Ann Pinchot, but has said that writing the book was the most difficult thing she ever did because she knew that a book had to have "shape and architecture." A better explanation for our not finding in this book much that we would like to know about Lillian Gish is probably her own reticence. She has thrown off on "all this filth, nudity, and violence" (these are her words) in contemporary films. It would be out of character for Miss Gish to expose herself now. She has labored all her life, and gone so far as to hire a press agent, to keep her name out of the newspapers, to be respectable and dignified.

The book should not be denigrated for its sentimentality or for moral and ethical values that seem old-fashioned. While Miss Gish and her book seem to come from a bygone age, it may be that it is *our* age, *our* values that deserve to be scrutinized and denigrated.

Robert Steele

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Edward Pincus; Guide to Filmmaking—Signet Paperback W3992, 256 pages, illustrated, $1.50.

For many years, independent filmmakers with meager resources had to struggle along in the no-man's-land between home movies and professional filmmaking. The equipment available to them came from one or another of these camps and was generally either too sophisticated and expensive, or too cheap and automated. With the huge interest in filmmaking that seems to have swept the continent, some sharper manufacturers are now making equipment specifically designed for the independent filmmaker. Although in theory movie making is within the reach of everyone, in practice it is still a struggle. While the selection of cameras available to the serious non-professional has become quite good, things such as editing equipment, sound equipment and tripods are still expensively, clumsily professional.

The same used to be true for handbooks and technical information. The independent filmmaker was forced either to extrapolate up from home movie guides or extrapolate down from

handbooks used by Hollywood cameramen. *Guide to Filmmaking* fills this void. It is clear, well written, well illustrated, comprehensive and cheap. It goes through all the steps of filmmaking from planning the script to cutting the negative and does so with a keen realization of what problems the individual (as opposed to the professional with large crews and fat bankrolls) is likely to come up against.

The book carefully avoids making any reference to film content. The information which it contains would be equally useful in putting together a fictional or documentary film. It tells you in great detail how to do it but not what to do. This perspective is exemplified in the author's discussion of framing:

"It is fruitless to discuss the fine points of composition. In the end, the filmmaker's vision should be personal and ultimately developed through practice and not by an adherence to any set of rules or descriptions of someone else's visual formulas. He will come to understand how he must use his camera to attain his end in visual terms."

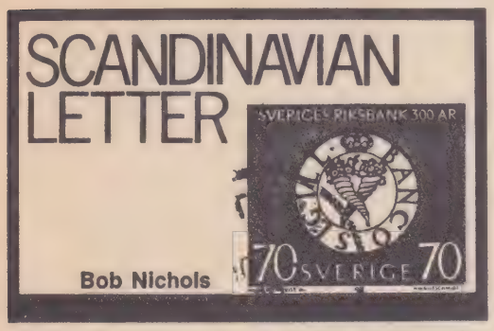
The stress is on individual filmmaking, which after all is the thing that is really new in the so called filmmaking revolution:

"When creative decisions are spread among too many people, the film's integrity of conception may be lost. An individual, or several collaborating, will work out a purer and stronger film when they control as many aspects of the film as possible. To the filmmaker it is worth making sacrifices in photographic quality, lighting, and other technical factors to achieve greater control over the film."

The illustrations in this book are particularly excellent. One series of photographs shows the effect of using different focal-length lenses on the same subject. Another shows the effects of over- and under-exposure in negative. The text is equally concrete and specific. As well as the technical information you will want to know, prices and comparisons are given. In all these respects, the book is completely up to date.

Because this book is so valuable, it is sad to see it so poorly bound. It is one of these paperbacks that fall to pieces just after you make it through the preface. This is a reference book that will not only be carefully read but carried on location in the pouch beside the lens cleaner and measuring tape. It is recommended that anyone who has any serious interest in filmmaking buy several copies.

Ronald H. Blumer



Earlier in the year, I wrote about the promising months ahead for Danish film. It is time now to take a look at some of the Danish films that have since been released and see to what degree that promise has been fulfilled.

Palle Kjaerulff-Schmidt's comedy-thriller *Tänk pa et tal (Think of a Number)* turned out to be a box-office success in Copenhagen. Swedish actress Bibi Andersson, borrowed by the Danes for a short time from Ingmar Bergman, plays a creditable femme fatale, alternately charming and being charmed by suave leading-man Henning Mortzen. Though not at all in the same class as Kjaerulff-Schmidt's earlier effort, *Weekend,* his filming of Anders Bodelsen's detective novel is at least an evening's good entertainment.

The new Danish film which will arouse the most international interest is probably Sven Gronlykke's study of the classic conflict between out-of-the-way pockets of humanity and the great demands imposed by the rapid pace of changing times, *Balladen om Carl-Henning (The Ballad of Carl-Henning).* Relying mostly on amateur players, Gronlykke has succeeded in providing a believable and natural background for the fine characterization, by actor Jesper Klein, of a young dairy-apprentice attempting desperately to "keep up with the world", despite his lacking the social and intellectual preparation needed to do it successfully. Sven Gronlykke has been able to preserve realism without sacrificing humor while making his film ballad and it could well be that he one day will replace the deceased Dreyer as the most important figure in Danish film.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

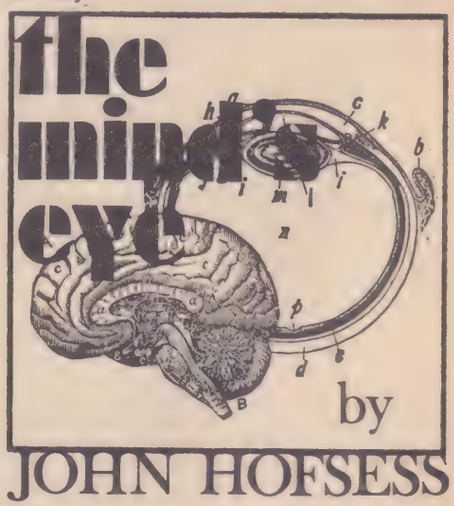
IN THE WORKS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A brief run-down, in each issue, of the current state of the Canadian filmmaking industry, compiled by the Cinémathèque Canadienne in Montreal.

Among Toronto-based independents: David Cronenberg, author of the $10,000 film *Stereo,* has just started shooting a new feature film, *Crimes of the Future.* Like *Stereo, Crimes of the Future* will be fictional and set in a futuristic city where air pollution is causing an almost invariably fatal disease which attacks only young girls in their puberty. It is expected the film will be completed by January. . . . Bill Marshall and Gill Taylor (Agincourt Prod.) have finished shooting *Flick* (working title), a science fiction film dealing with the control of the human mind by computers. The C.F.D.C. is helping finance this film as well . . . Timothy Bond is putting the finishing touch on *The String,* a film shot last summer during the Stratford Ontario Festival. The film tells how an old woman, leaving a grocery store with the string tying one of her parcels still attached to the roll, drives through town trailing that string which changes the life of all the inhabitants of the village. The cast includes Bernard Behrens, Richard Kelly, Joyce Campion and Jean Gascon. . . . The American film company Palomar Productions has just completed the casting for a feature film to be shot under the direction of John Trent in Toronto in the near future. The film, *Homer,* deals with the "generation gap". . . . The shooting of *Letting Go,* based on the Philip Roth novel, has been postponed till the spring because of a disagreement between the author of the book and direcor Harvey Hart concerning the participation in the film of American International Pictures. Meanwhile preparations are being pursued and shooting is expected to begin at the end of this winter at the Kleinburg Studios near Toronto. Julian Roffman will be production manager.

Among Montreal independents: Jacques Chenail of Cinéastes Associés completed preparatory work for the shooting of a feature length film for which he has already received a grant from the Canadian Film Development Corporation (C.F.D.C.). The film—working title: *Chips*—deals with the problems of the typical average working class "québécois" family as seen through a group of "chips" which is Québécois slang for a groupie or wishful swinger . . . . Another Cinéastes Associés beneficiary of C.F.D.C. subvention is André Forcier, currently completing *Le Retour De L'Immaculée-Conception.* . . . At Onyx Films, Gilles Carle has just completed shooting his new feature film entitled *Red* (working title was *Dieu conduit une Camaro*). The screenplay was written by Carle with the collaboration of Ennio Flaiano whose credits include the scripts of *La Notte* and *La Dolce Vita.* . . . Also at Onyx, filmmakers André Kuhay, Michel Roy, and cameraman François Boucher recently completed editing a 16mm documentary on Biafra entitled, temporarily, *Le Biafra,* which is expected to be released soon. . . . Onyx-Films has just informed us of the production of a new feature film to be shot in the outskirts of Montreal and whose working title is *Femmes de Banlieue.* Claude Fournier will direct. . . . Denis Heroux (director of Valérie) has just finished shooting *V . . . Comme Victoire* or *Initiation* (temporary titles) in Montreal. This second film by Heroux studies the attitudes of three different types of women belonging to the young generation through their sexual experiences. . . . A newly formed Montreal production company, Mondo-Vision Inc., recently completed the shooting of a series of films for television and theatrical release. Roger Cardinal has just finished an hour-long film on the Yukon starring Jacques Godin. The film, temporarily entitled *Safari au Yukon,* was shot by cameraman Jérome Dal Santo in the Dempster Valley about 185 miles from Dawson City.



The film released under the title *Palace of Pleasure* in 1967 was part of an intended feature never completed. It received awards and good reviews; funds and a good cast were available for further production, but increasingly I lost the intensity of conviction necessary, in what the film was saying or implying, to make it an authentic work; film catalogues were already overstocked with false, facile entertainments, the least I could do was suppress (or not extend) a dishonest

vision. It was the function of *Palace of Pleasure* to give the viewer an overloaded sensual experience, disorienting, disquieting, that defied translation into a "verbal equivalent"—a reminder of the *primacy* of unstructured sensation. As such it was conceived as a "therapeutic" experience—I was weary and suspicious of the world of words, the falsification of experience through language; but far from being serviceable as an example of "phenomenonological" cinema, it merely reinforced a trend of mindless illiteracy in the arts.

Our experiences are more complex and subtle in their shades than most vocabularies permit of recognition; *Ulysses* contains an estimated vocabulary of 40,000 words, but on an average people filter the whole range of their life-experience through a reductive funnel of some 3,000 words. They carelessly stamp diverse phenomena into harsh stereotypes and promptly get bored with the results. It is the self-destructive malaise of people who, as Wilde put it, tell us they have exhausted life when more obviously it is life that has exhausted them. Regarding articulation as too arduous and impure, they elevate silence and conundrums—like Mrs. Vogler in *Persona*—as an impenetrable shield around themselves. Again, as Wilde put it, to be intelligible is to be found out. After seeing the response to *Palace* on several occasions (wow . . . groovy . . . whatta headfilm) I realized it was failing every one of its objectives. I had written in TAKE ONE (April, 1967), "the film is designed to encourage people to explore their senses, help render the Unconscious conscious: a form of cinematherapy," but the film was too timid and compromised to be effective in that respect. In the two intervening years which lead to the recent release of *Columbus of Sex*, this aim of making a liberating film, a film which functions entirely on the psychological level and in which standard film aesthetics are irrelevant, deepened while the means of execution seemed increasingly remote. How was it possible to make a film which leapt outside film and social conventions and declared itself exempt from all standards of entertainment?

There is a prevalent view among critics and others of censorious, reproving nature, that the "sex film", the "skin-flick" has no right to existence; at its best it is superficial, at its worst it is unspeakably dull, and if such "trash" must impinge upon the public consciousness it should at least possess "social redeeming importance." Personally, I would forgive many a film if it had *sexual* redeeming importance; there are some things which when inverted stand right-side up for the first time in their lives. Still even in the categories of "sex films" or "underground films" in which *Columbus of Sex* will inevitably be placed, it should be obvious to any viewer that *Columbus* doesn't look or behave like a regular film at all: it aspires to nothing less than the level of exorcism.

Close to his death, D. H. Lawrence wrote, "It isn't sexual needs which make us desperate . . . what we search for in sex isn't to be found there at all. We need friendship, not routine, habitual hospitality or domesticity, but great, difficult friendship, an *affectionate* candor that touches and astonishes the soul. When we bring to sex, and add to sex, the whole burden of our discontents and spiritual needs we are placing it under such a strain that it soon ceases to satisfy us on *any* level and becomes in our eyes little more than a mechanical compulsion." To undercut aggres-

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● The Canadian Film Cooperative has joined together cooperatives in Vancouver, Toronto, and London, Ontario to produce one master catalogue for efficient nation-wide film distribution.

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1) Technical Data:

film gauge, length, colour, sound, awards and reviews if any.

2) Synopsis:

a precise description of the film(s) with reference to both style and content

3) Catalogue Entry:

a paragraph giving an interpretive description of the film(s)

Filmmakers must also send a copy of their film(s) before Feb. 1, 1970, to either:

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sion, to become "psychologically reoriented" or re-born as Kubrick postulated in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, it is necessary to eroticize (in some measure) every human relationship. We will have to *create*—we will not find it already existing in some deep recess of our being—that "affectionate candor that touches and astonishes the soul." *Columbus* explores and endorses every latitude of love; those who think such a commandment of love is an excuse for moral laxity should try to obey it sometime. It has cinematic flaws, budgetary limitations, but it is uncompromisingly an act of liberation; it uses "obscenity" to put an *end* to obscenity, just as an injection of a controlled vaccine immunizes the body against infection. Modern cinema as commonly practiced is a very safe experience, designed to *reinforce* the audience in its particular world-view and fashionable prejudices. To unnerve an audience, everything—including their relation to the film itself—must be unpredictable; all the conventions which an audience take for granted as axioms followed by exclamation marks must slowly, imperceptibly be turned into question marks.

One will be able to determine quite precisely the "liberative" ability of the film by the repressive measures it encounters in society; one can never know in advance what the penalty will be for telling audiences that each is singular, valuable, free, something *new* upon the earth with the power (within) to alter the future, for each of us carry within us the seeds of many different selves and societies, from Periclean Athens to Auschwitz. Periodically the human spirit needs to be cleansed, relieved of its needless guilts and anxieties, purged of its accumulation of taboos; *Columbus of Sex* plays a small role in an enormous task: a "psychological revolution" may not provide us with wisdom, and may not make us one bit more content, but it promises (at least) a greater measure of lucidity, and a less neurotic way of life in which we become more *conscious* of our aims and limitations.

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Editor's Note: Hofsess's film closed the night it opened: two people who saw the first screening of *Columbus* in Hamilton, Ontario notified the police and personally laid charges against it. During the second show, morality squad officers arrived, stopped the projection, and seized the film. Hofsess reports: "When the police arrived, it wasn't in the spirit of simply doing their duty ('Well, we had this complaint', etc.)—they were extremely incensed by the film. They said that the film was worse than a stag film, that it was fit only for viewing by imbecilic masturbators, etc.—a steady stream of invective for nearly an hour. The audience of 500 was kicked out, and when offered their money back refused to take it. A nice vote of confidence." Hofsess and the film's producers, Daniel Goldberg and Ivan Reitman, were all charged under the obscenity provisions of Canada's Criminal Code.

NEW YORK LETTER

by Bob Cowan

I am in San Francisco beginning work on my new film. S.F. has again reawakened me to the fact that New York is a melting pot of people living and dying in rows of cubicles, unrelated to each other, or to the potential of the city. My image of an average N.Y. middle-aged woman, as a coarse overweight hard-faced super-dyed grotesque, remains with me only as a bad dream when faced with the reality of S.F. equivalents . . . S.F. is a marvelous environment for just plain living, the great food and healthy air, the sense of openness, the constant proximity to nature, and a relaxed civilized atmosphere.

But, other than being ideal for day-to-day living, culturally S.F. is a bore. I think I would turn to pulp after a while in S.F. without the kind of cultural excitement that N.Y. offers at all times. One of the main reasons I live in N.Y. is that in spite of the filth, the barbaric environment, I can be constantly stimulated by creative events that arrive here from all areas of the world. In S.F. I feel connected only to California . . . . Today I sat on a bench high above the city while a thick mist lowered itself below and made the street lights glow like soft eyes. Snails crawled around my feet in all directions . . .

My first visit to the Canyon Cinema Cinematheque showing . . .it appeared to be everything the N.Y. Cinematheque is not. The atmosphere was enthusiastic, the place was packed as it always is, and the programme varied. In N.Y. there is little rapport between host, audience and film. In the beginning it was not so . . . at least not until a small handful of filmmakers were over--propagandized at the expense of the many others. As projectionist for many years with the N.Y. Cinematheque, I saw films of great merit that disappeared into oblivion after one showing. The magazine "Film Culture" is partly to blame. "Film Culture" is the inbred pretentious film magazine of the new experimental cinema. It is the most heavy-handedly written film publication in existence . . . endless precious exercises in ego-masturbation that does the experimental film movement very little good whatever. Mediocrity is glorified through esoteric writing and silly 'personal' letters that ignore the bulk of creative people who receive no encouragement at all.

It is also incredible that a small city like S.F. can have a full house every week while in a city the size of New York attendance is relatively poor. Part of the problem is that in N.Y. you have a non-homogeneous group of filmmakers functioning under what amounts to one-man rule and one-man taste. I refer to Jonas Mekas. The complete blame cannot be aimed at him since most of the filmmakers have allowed this to happen and have left most of the responsibility for keeping the film scene alive to rest with him alone. It's simply more than one man should have to handle.

In my life I have met three older men who lived life styles that put most young people to shame. The first was Raymond Duncan, with whom I spent an evening when I lived in Paris; secondly, the painter Hans Hofmann with whom I studied in N.Y., and now my meeting with 73 (?) year-old Jean Varda, cousin of Agnes Varda the film director. Jean is a balding man with long white locks and a twinkling personality who lives in a house boat in Sausalito. Along with about 20 others, I went sailing around the Bay in his handmade sea-galleon . . . a gloriously gaudy painted ship that he built up from the shell of another boat. My own tendencies towards occasional isolation and depression are soon dissipated when confronted by the reality of a man who at advanced years is able to live life so richly.

Buffalo stew for dinner . . . Dance filming complete . . . shooting begun in Yosemite. After climbing up a steep cliff with water rolling down in white crystals, I could see around me at every angle enormous walls of heroic stone that made fists in the sky. I felt very inadequate as a filmmaker in trying to encompass these monoliths into my own limited range of filmic ideas . . . . Yosemite is a masterwork of natural creation. To get the most out of it one has to learn to ride with it, rather than to try to conquer it. The guests in the Valley were something else. Bored suburban couples with bawling spoiled kids. Multitudes of plastic opaque people moving in herds to the thud of their own starved and deadened awarenesses. I must admit that, because of the stifling environment in the camp area, I was forced to get

up at six in the morning and begin filming as fast as possible, so I shouldn't complain. The trails were relatively free of people, and once away from the valley, the world was beautiful, high up in the mountains.

Finally back to S.F. filming the Hare Krishna festival . . . the pulling of a 5000 lb. Jaganath float with 2000 people chanting Hare Krishna 6 miles down to the sea from Haight Ashbury. On arrival at the sea, Bhaktivedanta and his followers fed everyone out of huge cans filled with rice and fruit. A strange and often moving procession . . . .

On route finally to New Mexico by train. Beautiful pan shots out the train window interrupted by a series of small towns, one indistinguishable from another . . . boxes with billboards . . . neon . . . ugly, forgettable . . . middle of the night I suddenly realize my train window is looking out on Brakhage's *Anticipation of the Night* . . . mysterious forms lurching by, rippling lines of hills overhead and the glow-worm headlight of the train circling around the valley edge.

New Mexico . . . discovered an insect that hisses at you when you approach too close . . . . The mountains and cliffs are giant open wounds where the flesh of the soil is ripped away revealing the hard bones and sinew underneath. The land looks as though it were engaged in a death struggle . . . . Went swimming in the Rio Grande to-day and got bumped along like a feather in a tornado, bumping into rocks and stones, unable to stop the current dragging me onwards . . . the skies are sensual delights of shapes and vivid colors . . . there is a hovering silence in the heat that seems to be predicting an immediate catastrophy. Proud thrusting cliffs resembling ancient cathedrals rest against deep blue skies. Tomorrow I return to New York. The long job of editing all my footage begins . . . .

SUNDRY NOTES FOR A MONDAY MORNING

Dennis Kawicki

This year the Hypocrisy Emmy has been won hands down by Robert D. Wood, President of CBS. This award, for those readers not familiar with it, depicts a hand slapping the face of a TV viewer. There are two requirements—the first is to make high-sounding statements full of moral judgements and values and the second is to then turn and do the complete opposite. Mr. Wood fulfilled these requirements by making high-sounding statements of moral principle and speechifying about a sense of vision and his obligation to us all in expanding creative freedom and providing a forum for dissent and anti-Establishment views. All of this rhetoric being necessary to explain why he cancelled the very mild "Smothers Brothers Show." So after his thought police saved us from the Big Bad Smothers, what does he do for the remainder of the season? Why he shows "Smothers Brothers" repeats. SWAT! Right in your face, buddy. Radio Free Cuba has announced that Castro has just seen 20th Century-Fox's *Che* (must have been the film they were showing on a hi-jacked jet) and he is going to get his revenge by making a film biography of Spiro Agnew.

Even good old D.W. Griffith made "European" versions of some of his films. In *The Sorrows of Satan* the vamp is fully clothed in the American release print but the European print almost has her bare-bosomed—there is just a careless toss of cloth over her breasts.

Remember the countless number of films which portray Boris Karloff as a scientist who wants to revive the dead and who gets thrown into jail for attempting to revive an executed convict? There were four or five of them with exactly the same theme. All of them, in a way, were true and were based on a real person, Dr. Robert Cornish, a bio-chemist, who died recently. He got into a lot of trouble trying to get permission to bring executed convicts back to life in order to test his theories. All this took place some twenty years ago, about the time some of the films came out and we wonder if some of Karloff's pleas were actually some of Cornish's in disguise. Cornish made quite a stir in the 30's by bringing dead dogs back to life after gassing them with nitrogen gas.

Senator Pastore reads E.C. comics.

Remember the dragon in the first Flash Gordon serial? Big fellow, wasn't he? Not much was added to the dragon's height. The actor that played it was Ed Woolf, who is actually seven feet four inches tall. He was also the fellow that threw The Phantom of the Opera into the water at the end of that film. The first time he grabbed Chaney the wrong way and ended up with a handful of his make-up. Chaney wasn't the least bit angry, invited him into his dressing room and let Ed watch as he fixed it up again. Woolf was still making films in the 50's and had a starring role in *The Colossus of New York* and may even still be around.

The Marx Brothers made a silent film called *Humorisk* and Harpo made a silent film long before the brothers even appeared on Broadway in their famous plays.

ISRAELI LETTER

Saw a recent Israeli film in Jerusalem this summer—strongly impressed—assembled some notes for a brief enthusiastic review—visited a film production company—voiced my enthusiasm (conversational gambit)—heard the film denounced repeatedly and with heat—broke off proposed review in puzzlement and dismay.

Some reflections on a sensibility gap.

The film was *The Siege*, b/w, about 80 minutes, a first feature for ex-Italian director, Gilberto Toffano. The story is simple, local and contemporary, about Tamar, a six-day-war widow with a three year old son, coping with young widowhood in the sympathetic custody of her husband's army buddies. She is listless, dejected, impatient with the heavy-handed delicacy of her friends and the gossipy scrutiny of the neighbours. Behind and around their lives the tension on the borders persists, every news broadcast declaring a couple of deaths, a few wounded.

Then comes David, open-natured, candid, humorous sort of man, divorced, drives a bulldozer, lives according to himself. He accuses Tamar of egotism and self-indulgence, of "standing too much in the centre of her own life". Their friendship grows, and, not without a few uneasy backward glances on her part, becomes an affair. Shortly thereafter David is called for his annual reserve duty, bulldozing for the army in the border area of Beit She'an. A radio bulletin tells of a bulldozer driver seriously wounded by a mine. Tamar sets out for Beit She'an, and the director piles up a climactic montage of the dying and destroying of this war and all the other wars on this year's fixture list. Suddenly we cut to a movie set; the cast of *The Siege* stand round a radio which is announcing the names of three soldiers killed in Gaza. What happened to David? It doesn't matter. David was only a fiction.

Two aspects of this film seemed to me impressive. First, it was an accomplished and sophisticated piece of movie-making. I had expected something gauche and clumsy, earnest but a little crude, the product of a cinematically Underdeveloped Country. (Colossal hubris in one visiting from Canada) The pace and structure of the narrative, far from being the doggedly literal exposition of many a sincere film, demanded an alert and experienced audience, able to hold on through the rapid editing of split-second flashbacks and imaginings. The photography was adventurous, perhaps a little arty-compositional at times; the actors convinced me that there were indeed lives such as theirs; the direction was observant, active, aware of small effects.

Second, and far more striking—after all, Israel is a long hike to see a merely well-made movie—the film seemed to me to gain great strength from the directness of its engagement with the realities of current Israeli life.

My chief, but by no means only, source of hostility to *The Siege* was a young Israeli director named Reuben Morgan (Welsh by origin, which seemed incongruous). He was bitter about the film, about what he regarded as its blatant contempt for the Israeli audience, and its reaching-out for foreign approbation. Its premiere was at Cannes, where I understand it was quite well received. For Morgan this was characteristic of its twofold sell-out, to foreign fashions and to foreign box office.

As he saw it, the makers of *The Siege* had allowed (if not actually encouraged) their cultivation of a modish European idiom to prescribe their treatment of the story; further, they had taken advantage of their desired audience's readiness to believe that "that's how it really is" to generate emotion by factitious and tasteless means. And I had fallen for it. I had even gone so far as to say that it had brought home to me the realities of Israeli life more forcibly than the rest of my two week stay put together.

Yes, but this is precisely because it skilfully employs the tracks to one's emotional reservoirs that other respected films have already laid down. Specifically, I would suggest the director had studied Claude Lelouche—who made it big, did he not? And note the differences. Anouk Aimée's first husband had been a movie stunt man, killed in a fake battle; her lover is a racing driver. To those who were hard-hearted enough to find *A Man and a Woman* rather pampered, the makers of *The Siege* can reply that Tamar's husband died in a real war, and her David is risking his life in a real down-to-earth bulldozer. Indeed, the film's final gesture, as already mentioned, is to the continuing actuality of its dramatic context.

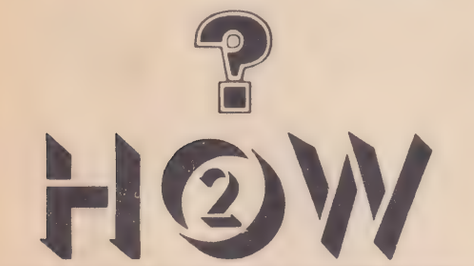
Another aspect of Lelouche, this time from *Vivre pour Vivre*, is recalled by the effort to extend the significance of the imme-

diate situation by displaying it in a global context. Thus, Tamar acquires a TV set and what she switches on is a montage of clips from Biafra, Viet Nam, and other less readily identifiable battlegrounds, with a recorded voice asking repeatedly whether a peaceful solution is possible. This kind of editorialising, Morgan felt, is a straight pitch to the concerned liberal patron of the art movie theatres, and not at all an articulation of how the Arab-Israeli business is perceived by Israelis. Moreover, if one were to analyse the precise analogy being urged by the allusion to Biafra and Viet Nam, one might face some perplexity.

For a specific example of the film's indifference to its domestic audience he pointed to the various shots from Israeli newsreels which, he said, would be recognized as extremely hackneyed and, on occasion, actually used spuriously. Also he claimed that a scene in which a wounded Al Fatah fighter is seen being wheelchaired round an Israeli hospital by his own father, while the film's principals mutter a restrained "Yes, well . . . ", comes nothing short of propaganda.

Yet in general the contrivances, if they be, of *The Siege* are not founded on the desire to propagate partisan attachments, but rather on the ambition to make an internationally admired film. I should be intrigued to see what response it would get in Canadian cinemas—where the usherettes don't search between the seats for bombs after each performance. Or is someone going to tell me that was a publicity stunt?

Bob Fothergill



From the point of view of the independent filmmaker, there are three types of cameras. The first are semi-professional cameras such as the Bolex, Beaulieu and Bell and Howell. They are well made, versatile and suitable for most silent-filming situations. More important, they are inexpensive enough for a filmmaker to own. The second type are fully professional silent cameras such as the Arriflex. The third type consists of "self blimped" cameras like the Eclair which are meant for sync sound filming. These machines will be discussed in a later column devoted to sound.

For most purposes the difference in the "quality" of the images produced by various cameras is not great. This is not to say that the image produced by the Bolex or Beaulieu is equal to one produced by the Arriflex, but only that this difference in the final image is small compared to the differences produced by other factors: lens performance, care taken in filming, quality of processing, etc. If a semi-professional camera is kept in good repair it will produce images that can be projected in even fairly large auditoriums. What makes cameras different for the independent filmmaker is the existence of various features. The most important are discussed below.

VIEWING SYSTEMS: The image is focused, framed and composed in depth (depth of field evaluation) through the camera's viewfinder system. There are two basic types of viewfinder systems: a reflex system in which the viewfinder "sees" through the taking lens the same image that is being filmed or a system of supplementary finders which show an image similar to the one being filmed.

The best reflex viewing system, since it provides the brightest and most detailed image in the viewfinder, uses an intermittent mirror: a moving mirror reflects light into the viewfinder when the shutter is closed. Thus the cameraman and the film alternately "see" the same image. The most refined version of this is the mirror plane shutter, used on most modern professional cameras such as the Arriflex, Mitchell R16, etc.

No semi-professional camera employs a mirror plane shutter. It is not only expensive to produce, but difficult to place on small cameras or adapt to pre-existing designs. Thus the reflex viewing systems of semi-professional cameras are always, to some degree, a compromise.

The Beaulieu and Doiflex have mirror viewing systems, but at the sacrifice of some reliability and mechanical simplicity. They also forego other refinements, such as interference bars which reduce the flicker in the viewfinder image that occurs in all mirror reflex cameras.

Other semi-professional machines utilize a beam-splitter placed between the lens and the shutter. Most of the light passes through it to the film, but some light (about 15 to 25 per cent) is deflected into the viewfinder. Since the system has no moving parts it is quite reliable. The chief disadvantage is that the viewfinder image is formed from only part of the light (rather than 100 per cent, as in the mirror system) making it less bright and sharp. At wide lens openings, this makes little difference, but at narrower openings the image is dim and focusing is difficult for the grain of the groundglass becomes more prominent than the image. To some extent this defect is self-cancelling because focus is less critical at narrow apertures due to increased depth of field, but it still causes difficulty in some circumstances. The darkening of the viewfinder is caused by less light entering the lens, and thus mirror systems do not eliminate, but only reduce this condition.

Some zoom lenses have their own viewfinders by incorporating a beam-splitter into the lens itself, allowing non-reflex cameras to use zoom lenses and giving some of the advantages of reflex viewing. Usually the beam-splitter is placed in front of the iris diaphragm, which gives a constantly bright image, no matter what the f stop. An aerial (rather than a ground glass) image is formed which, though extremely bright results in two disadvantages. One is that the true depth of field cannot be seen. The other is that an aerial image is hard to focus with—it takes considerable practice and some persons cannot do it at all. To assist focusing, a center microprism is added which is more or less like the center focusing circles on 35mm SLR still cameras. The microprism works well at telephoto zoom ranges but progressively less well as the zoom moves towards wide angle range. This defect, again, is approximately self-cancelling since focusing is progressively less critical at widening zoom ranges, but it still causes difficulty.

Someone who already owns a non-reflex camera may find it advantageous to buy a zoom lens with built-in-finder. However, such zooms are more expensive than comparable lenses without finders and there is little, if any, saving between a non-reflex camera and zoom lens with finder and used reflex camera with ordinary zoom.

Usually it is not practical to sight through a reflex camera while wearing eyeglasses, and on most cameras this practice will cause the film to be fogged by light leaking into the viewfinder. The eyepiece of reflex finders incorporates a device to compensate for near or far sightedness. This adjustment must be made or consistently incorrect focus will result. Persons with normal eyesight (or wearers of contact lenses) need not make this adjustment. However, normal-sighted persons should make adjustment periodically, since most cameras do not have setting locks and the setting can drift. Adjustment should always be made if someone else has previously used the camera. The adjustment is made by removing the lens or setting the lens on infinity and pointing it at a textureless subject, such as clear sky, and adjusting the knob or ring until the grain of the ground-glass (or pattern of the microprism) is most sharp.

Using a non-reflex camera is not quite as difficult as it may sound (distances can be estimated, zone focusing can be used in hand-held situations and the necessary steps become almost automatic), but it is still slower, more prone to error and the camera is less versatile in performance. The only real advantage to a non-reflex is price. The price of a good, used, non-reflex camera is $100—$150 less than that of the cheaper, used reflex models. The cost of a new, non-reflex camera is not less than that of a used, reflex model. The only other reason besides cost where a filmmaker might buy a non-reflex camera is for special needs that do not require reflex focusing.

DRIVING MECHANISM: A camera can either be driven by a clockwork (spring) motor or an electric motor. The chief advantage of electric drive is continuous run. One wind on a Bolex provides about 25 seconds of filming at 24 frames per second (F.P.S.). While electric drive is usually a convenience, whether it is really necessary depends on the filming situation. If the action is controlled by the filmmaker, electric drive does not add much, since a take without sync-sound rarely is longer than 25 seconds. Of course, there may be situations where long takes are necessary; these are usually not frequent and a camera or motor can be rented for a day without much cost. When the action is not controlled by the filmmaker (as in documentary work), electric drive is a real advantage since catching an action may take more than 25 seconds.

Electric drive is not without inconvenience; there are batteries—and sometimes cables to contend with and at low temperatures, they are less reliable as well.

FILM CAPACITY AND LOADING: All professional cameras take film loaded in magazines, usually in 400-foot lengths wound on daylight loading reels. Some also take larger magazines (usually 1200 feet of film). In addition the Arriflex "S" has a 100-foot internal loading capacity. (Film mounted on cores, unlike film on reels, must be loaded in a darkroom, or in a changing bag, which is a light-proof bag with sleeves, so the loading operation can be done in the absence of a darkroom.)

Semi-professional cameras have an internal capacity and accept film mounted on 100-foot daylight spools. (The Kodak Ciné Special is a unique exception: it has 100 or 200-foot

detachable film chambers and can function either as an internal loading or magazine loading camera.) Internal loading cameras have considerable advantages of lightness and convenience.

The Bolex Rex5, Beaulieu and Pathé accept magazines, though Beaulieu's is only 200-foot capacity. The Doiflex and the Bell and Howell 70DR can be converted to 400-foot capacity, though the Doiflex conversion is a non-standard one using Bolex magazines. The loading of these magazines on the cameras is slower than on professional machines and they lose much of their hand-held capacity. The Bell and Howell 70 DR must be used on a sturdy tripod.

The main advantages of a magazine are capacity for longer takes, some small saving due to lower wastage and slightly lower cost of raw stock purchased on cores.

Generally speaking, unless there is a necessity for long takes, magazines in themselves have no great advantage for silent filming, though the camera chosen for other reasons may require magazines.

HAND-HELD CAPACITY: Even though you may not intend to do work requiring hand-holding, some shots may have to be done hand-held, since in many situations you will not have adequate facilities for a moving shot or even a steady tripod for pans. Therefore, any camera you select should be usable hand-held or with a brace. Lighter cameras are generally easier to hold but factors of balance, shape, etc. also have an effect.

SPECIAL SEMI-PROFESSIONAL FEATURES: 1) Automatic Threading. The loops are formed and the film set in the transport mechanism automatically. The advantage is not speed (the non-automatic Bell and Howell, for example, can be threaded more quickly), but the assurance that the operation is done correctly without the cameraman giving the operation much attention which is useful, for example, in documentary work. For filming under controlled conditions automatic threading is merely a convenience; manual threading is not really difficult, even for people with ten thumbs.

2) Automatic Metering Systems. All Beaulieus and the Pathé BTL have built-in meters which work on some variation of matching a needle with some mark in the viewfinder. Beaulieu and Bolex have available a system whereby the aperture of the lens is automatically set to take into account variations in lighting. The Bolex device can be fitted on any Rex model camera. The Beaulieu is only available on one model. Special lenses are required for both. Three are available for the Beaulieu, one for the Bolex.

They are mainly devices for getting an image, but not for getting a particular image. In other words, they are useful under documentary conditions where it is not always possible to take sufficient light readings. (The fully automatic systems, of course, give the further advantage of speed.) When the filmmaker wishes his image to look a particular way, they are almost useless. Also, they may not be accurate in unusual lighting conditions.

3) Professional and Other Special Features. Some cameras have frame counters and single-release mechanisms, which permit animation work. If the camera has a reverse wind variable shutter, fades and lap dissolves can be done in the camera, though these effects can be done by the lab at about $3.00 an effect. A variable shutter also permits decreasing exposure without closing down the lens which is desirable when you want to maintain a particular depth of field or are shooting in very bright light. The same result can be obtained by neutral density filters. A matte box (bellows which attach to the camera body and sit in front of the lens) permits tricks such as split screen or iris-ins. It is also a convenient place to hold filters and it acts as a lens-shade, though separate lens-shades and other ways of holding filters are available. The Bolex and Beaulieu can be used for portable sound filming, but since neither has a blimp to silence camera noise, their use is limited, especially indoors. The Beaulieu has the unique capacity to film in reverse, in case you want to make like Jean Cocteau. The same result can be obtained by filming with the camera upside down and turning the negative around in printing

The Bolex and Beaulieu both offer the best range of accessories. Accessories for other cameras are less varied and in some cases, difficult to get.

(To Be Continued)

Notes:

(1) All prices quoted are in U.S. dollars and are those prevailing in New York City.

(2) Since this column is intended to serve the specific needs of its readers I would appreciate any comments or questions. While I can not answer questions individually, those of general interest will be discussed in later columns. Letters can be sent to me care of TAKE ONE.

The fifth annual Chicago Film Festival is over: a good festival in terms of films and film personalities; a bad one in terms of publicity, public relations and the handling of audiences. From the outset there was ineptness: the inability of projectionists to make reel changes, to frame and to focus; there was bad taste: sexsational publicity blurbs that accompanied several excellent unsexual films; there was injustice: the callous handling of crowds by the theatre management: and there was discourtesy of a higher order: the programming of several films which had no right to be on the agenda of any festival presented by and for literate people.

In his opening program notes festival director Michael J. Kutza, Jr. promised "The cream of the crop, the vanguard of the future." He informed us: "The Festival is here to educate," and he invited us to "Come share in a learning experience." I did. And my learning experience began with the program book itself, which informed me that the Maysles brothers are "new filmmakers," that Per Oscarsson is "Sweden's finest actor," that *Queen of Clubs* is "unique in its ability to produce oestrus," that *Monsieur Hawarden* is somehow related to Myra Breckinridge and that the Lenny Bruce story, *Thank You Mask Man*, has been made into a short film for children.

Though I found these statements disturbingly rash, I was willing to be shown.

I saw the feature films, twenty-four of them—many drawn from this year's Berlin and Pula film festivals—and I found fifteen that were memorably good or bad. *Early Works (Rani Radovi)* by Zelimer Zilnik was the most absorbing of the Yugoslavian entries—an amalgamation of Sjoman's *I am Curious (Yellow)* and some Jean-Luc Godard film or other. It introduced the vanguard of the new revolution as hip characters that use dirty words and like to copulate a lot. Finding those ideas appealing, I liked it; but the opening night audience of middle-aged society people seemed put off. *The Mount of Lament (Lelejska Gora)*, also from Yugoslavia, balanced the scale by being a bomb. After using four consecutive full-frame typeset titles to describe the 1942 Yugoslavian military situation, director Zdravko Velimirovic launched actor Slobadan Dimitrijvic into an incomprehensible universe of partisans, communists, pacifists and ghosts. Yugoslav actress Rada Urasevic, who happened to be sitting beside me, mumbled, "I really am disappointed," wherupon I narrowed my eyes, smiled knowingly and walked out. In the lobby I was comforted by the candy girl who told me that the price of sweets had been upped ten cents for the duration of the festival. All in all a bad night in the world of the cinema.

Back for more, I watched *Siege*, starring and scripted by Gila Almagor, who was later named best actress of the festival. This is the first Israeli film I've seen that avoids becoming a ninety minute commercial for the Combined Jewish Appeal. It is the story of a war widow—her readjustment—and it nearly succeeds in eschewing the sentimentality I have come to expect in films from the Promised Land. In a vastly different vein, *The Virgin President* by Graeme Ferguson and Severn Darden is a triumph of content over form. Of the U.S. entries it had the cleverest ideas; the crudest production. It shows what life would be like if the U.S. government happened to be placed in the hands of an ignorant clod surrounded by self-seeking bureaucrats. An impossible situation, don't you agree, but resplendent in lines like: "We may not recognize the existence of Red China; but we recognize the existence of the *place* where Red China *is*! " Along with a lot of other weary looking people I stayed up past midnight to see *Akran*, also from the U.S.A. This is director Richard Meyers' deep-heartfelt-personal-statement-and-fastcut-montage-film. Winner of the festival's special jury prize, it is an excellent film of its type. I detest its type.

I took a friend to see *Monsieur Hawarden*, the Belgium-Netherlands entry directed by Harry Kumel and dedicated to Joseph von Sternberg: rightly dedicated, for there, throughout, was that beautiful Sternberg lighting artfully combined with the modern mobile camera in the most beautiful job of black-and-white cinematography in years. Happily the program's threat of a resemblance to *Myra Breckinridge* was unfulfilled, but unhappily my friend thought she saw a flaw in the job. "She doesn't look anything like a man," she said, "the director screwed up." The lady on the other end explained that the director knows damn well that Hawarden, a transvestite, doesn't look like a man. That's the idea of the piece; and a lovely idea it is. Later I watched an old man get knocked down, his leg broken; I watched them cart him off to the old peoples' home, and I was invited to laugh. As he sank into reverie I was invited to watch his dreams and memories, illustrated by animation—childishly erotic—and again I was invited to laugh. The film was *Out of an Old Man's Head*

(I Huvet Pa En Gammal Gubbe) by Per Ahlin and Tage Danielsson from Sweden and I didn't laugh at all, not for one second.

That brings me to the *machismo* department—those films full of hairy-chested guys, usually Mediterranean, always hopelessly vain, strutting about as though they're God's answer to the world's surplus of estrogen. *Horoscope (Horoskop)*, a machismo-laden Yugoslavian entry by Boro Draskovic, is an excellent film that rightly won the award for the best screenplay; but *Queen of Clubs (Reine de Trefles)* was loathsome. Imagine a woman being lured away from her husband by a jaw-jutting cigarette-biting hotel clerk who mumbles idiocies like "You can't resist this," and "You're beautiful—even with your clothes on." And then, later, the award-winning line of the century came as the husband told his wife, "I feel as though you're up there flying far away," as the editor cut to a shot of a Boeing 707 flying up there far away. The director of this garbage is George Skalenakis from Greece, and the film, belying the rash promise of the program notes, was capable of producing oestrus only in a stercophile.

The best feature of the festival, in the eyes of the judges, *was Eeny Meeny Miny Moe (Ole Dole Doff)* by Sweden's Jan Troell. Per Oscarsson won the festival's best actor award playing the part of a stern teacher, a bad teacher, disliked by his students as he dislikes himself. From the beginning we know he is doomed—titles carry the "Who Killed Cock Robin" theme—and when he finally dies we feel justified yet uneasy. Implicit here is an indictment of Sweden's school system, committed neither to the old or the new styles of education. The film came in first at last year's Berlin festival and thus would be ineligible for awards at most of the world's festivals this year; however the Chicago festival conferred it top honors once again—proof of their bravery and independence. A more inventive film from Sweden is Stig Bjorkman's *I Love, You Love (Jag Alskar Du Alskar)*, the story of an extramarital pregnancy. Aside from being a remarkable chronicle of actress Evabritt Strandberg's real-life pregnancy, the film is rife with clever homages to Godard.

A pair of entries vied for distinction as the most unbelievabley rotten films of all time. *Walk a Crooked Path* by John Brason from Britain simply defies description. Not only did a number of people in the audience walk out, but the projectionist must have left as well because framing and sound exceeded even their usual poor quality. And *The Castle of the Rose (Jangmiae Sung)* by Lee Bongrae from Korea was so inept that it was funny. An audience of a hundred or so sat spellbound as there unfolded the story of a famous sculptress deserted seventeen years previously by her husband who ran off not with a woman but with Mr. Smith from America. Imagine our tears as we watched this business-suited briefcase-carrying couple running, hand in hand, into the sunset; and imagine our shocked dismay as we watched the deserted wife commit nightly acts of sodomy with her dog, Charly, wander through interior sets so cold we could see her breath and constantly remind her daughter, in pidgin subtitles, "Behave your walk! " I laughed, but that seemed to be good oriental etiquette. A couple of Koreans in the audience were laughing too.

So much for the feature films.

The scheduling of short subjects and student films at the Chicago International Film Festival was a curious phenomenon. There were screenings devoted exclusively to shorts; and then many of the same films were shown again, with features, at the regular programs. On two occasions the same short was screened with both the 7 p.m. and the 9 p.m. features. A collection of sketches from the London School of Film Technique was remarkably good; and it was one of these—*Metamorphosis*, Carlos Pasini's adaptation of the Franz Kafka story—that was judged best student film of the festival. Not unsurprisingly Jeffrey Hale's animated Lenny Bruce story, *Thank You Mask Man*, turned out to be for adults rather than children. It won a special award along with the loudest laugh of the festival when the mayor of the old western town realized, "Ick! The Maskman is a faggot! "

Also very special among the shorts and student films were *Walking* and *Kisses* by the NFB and three U.S. entries: *Vengeance Temptation Rag* animated by Timothy Clark, *College Daze* by Robert and Andrew Halper and *The Shepherd* by Cameron Guess and Associates. *The Spring of Life* (Izvor Zivota) by Nikola Majdak of Yugoslavia won the award as best of the festival; deservedly so, for it is unique among animated films in the way it describes the human condition and the nature of tyranny.

And so, to wrap it up, this was an interesting festival, an entertaining one. And if some of the entries were laughably bad perhaps it is one function of a festival to present such films—films that can be seen nowhere else and that are interesting because of their esoteric national origins rather than through any virtue of content. Perhaps that is one function of a festival. I doubt it, but it may be; and if it is, I feel that the festival director should be overtly aware of it. He should let people know that "the cream of the crop," which he promises, is diluted with a bit of whey. He should, perhaps, not be so pompous as to promise a "learning experience," nor should he be so naive as to assume that his festival "is here to educate." Further he should instruct theatre personnel in courtesy as well as in framing, focus and changeovers. And he should edit the program notes a bit more carefully. Sensational advertising has no place in the literature of film education.

I thank the festival for bringing these films to my city; but I cannot help thinking that the manner in which they were served up could have been improved.

Don B. Klugman

REFLECTIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE

Herman G. Weinberg

The *alpha* and *omega* of good filmmaking may be said to have been represented by the New York Film Festival's recent showing of *The Cameraman* (Keaton), *The Merry Widow* (Stroheim), *He Who Gets Slapped* (Seastrom) and Godard's latest, *Le Gai Savoir* (The Joy of Knowledge), the first three being the *alpha* and the latter the *omega*, certainly and without a doubt. They don't make films like the first three anymore, and that's a fact, nor do they, for that matter, make films like Godard's, even tho' he is the *dernier cri*. Is Godard's a film or is it a poster, diatribe, didactic tract —*quoi?* Certainly it breaks with the last vestiges of even today's unconventional films—from the complete absence of credits to the complete absence of anything resembling a story-line. In the course of its choleric outbursts against the "Establishment" (in Godard's own France as well as America, *bien entendu*) the ultimate four and even six letter words are finally said—take it or lump it, as they used to say. Besides all of which, like the Keaton, the Stroheim, the Seastrom, it is something to experience, for different reasons, to be sure, and yet, come to think of it, in some respects for the same reasons, yes indeed, for the same reasons, and these are the best reasons of all. A reflection of the world today can be seen in the films Godard spews out—the Twenties were gentler.

In February 1946, the British Film Institute published my "Index to the Creative Work of Fritz Lang", which has since been a source-work for historians doing biographies of that director. The "Index" was done in close collaboration with Mr. Lang and so I feel qualified to judge a recent new "analytical biography", "The Cinema of Fritz Lang", by Paul M. Jensen, co-published by A.S. Barnes & Co of New York and A. Zwemmer Ltd. of London.

After I read it, I consulted with Mr. Lang about it and we agreed that it was as chockfull of errors as a fruitcake is of nuts and not as nourishing. There are, in fact, so many errors of fact (let alone of opinion and evaluation) that one wonders if Mr. Jensen has, indeed, seen some of the films he writes about. Certainly his animadversions about *Liliom*, for instance, are all wrong, beginning with his introduction to *Liliom* where he says "he [Lang] more than once was forced to leave the country in which he was living" which is not true as Lang left Germany just once, and that voluntarily, to his recounting of the plot of *Liliom* which is completely at variance with both Molnar's play and Lang's film which scrupulously and touchingly echoed the beautiful play. And this is where we must find Mr. Jensen chiefly at fault, that, just as he has exhibited no feeling for what both Molnar and Lang were trying to say (Jensen's account is loveless, perfunctory, school-marmish, querelous), so he has managed to write a 223 page book (albeit in small format) completely lacking in passion, not only passion for his subject but for the cinema. At best, even when the facts are legally correct, the book is pedantic. At worst it is unconscionable as well as unreliable. As an example of how you do a book of this kind, I suggest that Mr. Jensen read Lotte Eisner's forthcoming volume on Fritz Lang when it appears. Or read her Murnau book, which is out now. Or my Sternberg or Lubitsch. The point I am trying to make is that you must be biased in favor of your subject to do a book that is worth anything in human values (are there any other kind?). The trouble with Mr. Jensen's book, valiant as his attempt was, is that he wrote it from an "objective" stand, unbiased, pro or con, which seemed to him a laudable procedure. What he did not realize is a basic fact, that a work done without passion is passionless. Or, as Oscar Wilde once put it (in "The Artist as Critic"), "A critic cannot be fair in the ordinary sense of the word. It is only about things that do not interest one that one can give a really unbiased opinion, which is no doubt the reason why an unbiased opinion is always absolutely valueless."

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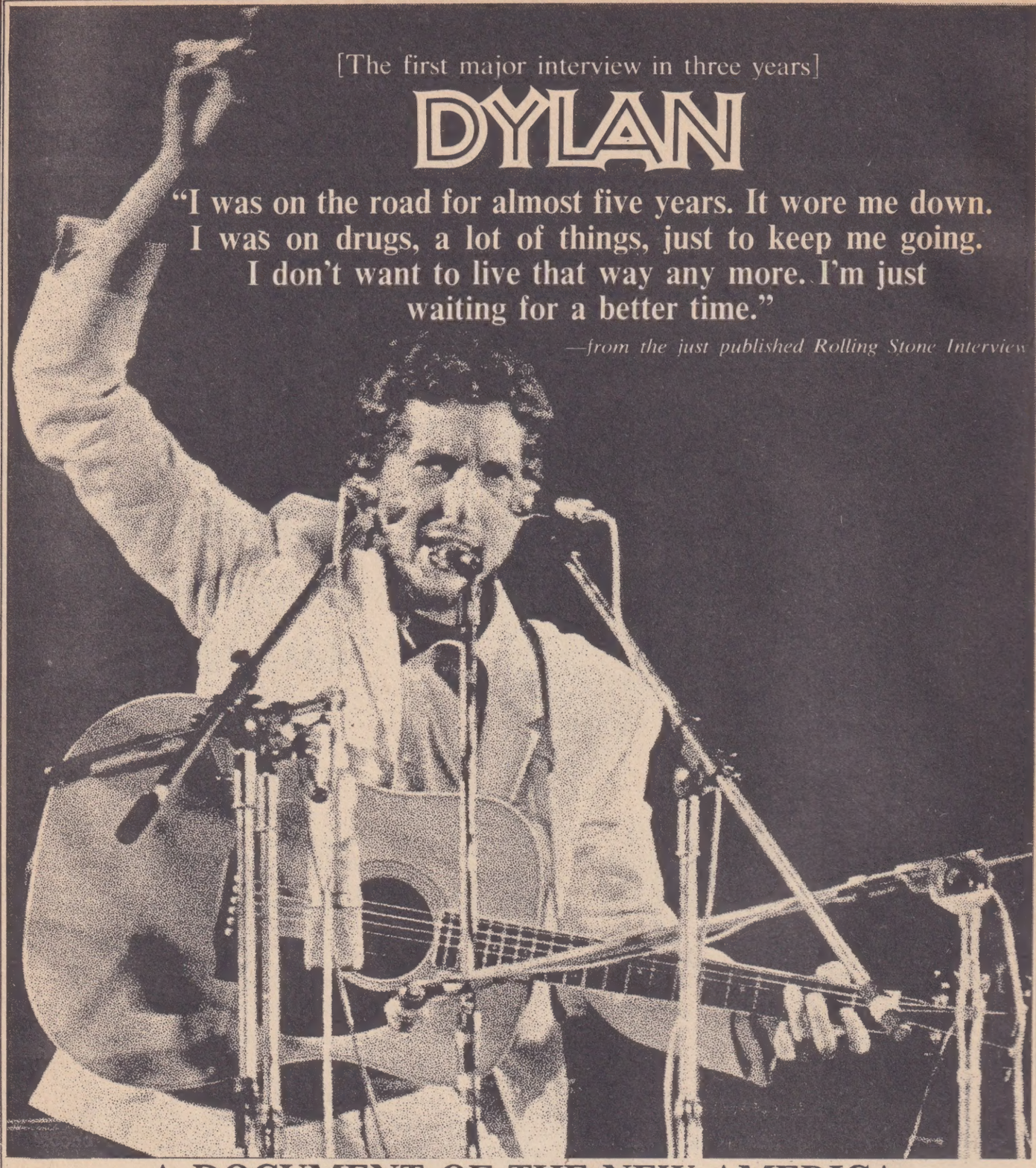

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